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Sotheby's

THURSDAY, 30th MARCH,
and following day at 1 pm,
at Hodgson's Rooms

Art Reference Books including Some of Islamic Interest
including Lucas' *Catalogue of Sassanid Chinese Ivories*, 3 vol., limited edition, 1931; *North's Chinese Jade Carvings in the Collection of Mrs. George Vedder*, 3 vol., 1935-36; *Uchida's Ancient Chinese Bronzes in Japan*, 6 vol., limited edition, Osaka, 1959-61; *Ancient Chinese Bronzes in Europe and America*, 7 vol., Osaka, 1933; *Creswell's Mosques of Islam*, 2 vol., Glas., 1949; *Oriental Ceramic Society Transactions*, vol. 1-39, limited editions of *Parian Art*, 3 vol., 1964; *Robert's Bayes Japanese Prints, Ukiyo-e Taket*, 17 vol., Tokyo, 1974-76; *Trise d'Avantgarde L'Art Arabe*, 3 vol., Beirut, n.d.; *Rachid's Glazier Collection of Pottery and Porcelain*, 2 vol., Cambridge, 1959; and other works relating to Architecture, Paintings, Prints and Drawings, Furniture, Glass, Silver, Textiles, Bibliography and Works of Art, etc. *Illustrated Catalogue 75p*

MONDAY, 3rd APRIL
at 11 a.m.,
at New Bond Street

Important Oriental Miniatures and Manuscripts from the Hagop Kevorkian Fund
including a rare calligraphy by Sultan Muhammad Ner (Abbasid, sixteenth century); a leaf from the 'Demotic' Shahnamah (Yakut, c. 1380-80) by an imaginary assembly of Mughal emperors; *al-Jawid's Book of Knowledge of Geographical Devices*, Mamuk dated 715-1315; *Wahid's Khurad*, dated 1011-1602 and *Wahid's Farhad u Shirin*, with four miniature paintings, by Muhammad Qasim (Istahen) dated 1046-1636. *Illustrated Catalogue 12.75*

TUESDAY, 4th APRIL
at 10.30 am and 2.30 pm
at New Bond Street

Fine Oriental Miniatures, Manuscripts and Qajar Paintings
the property of D. H. Whelan, Esq., and other owners, comprising Mughal miniatures from the 16th to 19th century including two 1616; a portrait of St. Bernard, Mughal, c. 1650; a portrait of Nawab Asaf-ud-Daula, Lucknow, c. 1780; Deccan, Central Indian, Rajasthani and Pahari miniatures from the 16th to 19th century including the ascension of Solomon to Heaven, Golconda, c. 1680; an illustration to the *Diwan-e-Farid*, Aurangabad, c. 1680; a hunterman walking a saluki hound by Swarup Ram, Dargach, c. 1800; a female dancer, Rajasthani, c. 1800; a Mahout, 1700; Persian and Turkish paintings from the 14th to the 20th century including a leaf from a 'small Shahnamah', Persia, c. 1340; a leaf from a *Shahnama*, India, Sahasr, mid-18th century; a prince resting in a landscape, Turkey, c. 1620; Qajar paintings including a portrait of Nasir-ud-Din by Sayyid Muhammad al-Husayni dated 1267/1847; a portrait of Path 'Ali Shah by Mirza, Qajar to bu' Qasim, c. 1820; a female musician attributed to Shihzade Muhammad, Qajar, dated 1230/1814; calligraphy and leaves, including 9th century Qur'an Turkish manuscripts including an illustrated *Mahfuz ul-Muluk* by Shuyk Muhammad, the fine Qur'an, Turkey, mid-eighteenth century; an illustrated Qur'an section, Shiraz, XIV century, dated 1166/1752; Persian lacquer including a fine mirror case executed in the style of 'Ali Adab, Qajar early nineteenth century; and a lacquer panel by Muhammad Haid, Persia, late eighteenth century. *Illustrated Catalogue 4*

Sotheby's

WEDNESDAY, 12th APRIL
and following two days
at 10.30 am and 2.30 pm

At the Signet Library, PARLIAMENT SQUARE, EDINBURGH EH1 1RE
Printed Books
the property of the Society of Writers to Her Majesty's Signet, comprising approximately 25,000 volumes, with extensive collections on religion, literature, economics, and the fine arts, including copies of *Sacrae scripturae*, Greek; *Rudin*, Antonia, del. Cavallin, 1602; *Acosta, East and West Indies*, 1604; *Stuane, A Voyage to Jamaica*, 2 vol., 1707-23; *Neale, The History of New England*, 2 vol., 1720; *Belbin, Histoire de l'Europe*, 5 vol., 1725; *Hei verhoorlijkt Nederland*, 10 vol., 1768; *Holvelius, de l'Esprit*, 1759; *Holbach, Systeme de la Nature*, 2 vol., 1770; *Zurlouben, Tablcaux*

de la Suisse, 13 vol., 1784-88; *The Pantheon*, 2 vol., New York, 1788; *Edon, Les Poésies*, 3 vol., 1797; *Sonfeider, On Lithography*, 1819; *d'Ostervald, Voyage Sicile*, 1822-26; *Forrest, Ganges and the Nile*, 1824; *Robert, The Holy Land, Syria, Nubia*, 6 vol., 1842-49; *Barnard, Brown Nassau*, 1845; *Morrison, Ducal Palace of Cahura*, 1846; *P. Emerson, Life and Letters on the Norfolk Roads*, 1856 and *East Anglian Life*, 1888; long and complete of periodicals and many annuals; *historical texts*; rare works on sciences; the library of the Abbé Morellet; a collection of books of interesting provenance including *Nicolas Peiret, L'As de Trion*, 1604; *Madame Sophie, the Duke of Guise*; *Karl of Hradelbane, William Godwin*; *of Cornwall and other Scottish collections*. *Illustrated Catalogue*

On view at the Signet Library: 100, Saturday 8th, Monday 10th and Tuesday 11th April from 10 am to 5 pm (no viewing on Wednesdays).

Admission by catalogue only.

TLS

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 7 APRIL 1978 • No 3,966 • 25p

Sport and conflict, by Erich Segal

The essential Piaget; Androgyny; Chinese Triads

Clues and red herrings in Kafka

The Penguin Film Review; Moralizing about Hollywood

Poems by Donald Davie, Geoffrey Grigson, Ted Hughes

Fiction: Philip Roth, Sidney Sheldon, Maureen Duffy

J. M. Cameron on Canada; Hard knocks for Hazlitt



"Hercules Victor", an engraving by Hendrik Goltzius (1558-1617) executed in the last year of the artist's life. It is one of 256 frames in an Arts Council exhibition, "The Mechanised Image", which uses images from earlier centuries to offer a historical perspective on twentieth-century prints, seeking to demonstrate their variety of technique as well as to indicate "the qualities that can take an image beyond reproduction or multiplied drawing". The exhibition is at present at Portsmouth and during the year will move on in turn to Sheffield, Hull, London (Camden Arts Centre), Newcastle and Aberdeen.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS pages 375-390

Frank Muir on jokes; Charles Causley on storytelling; Kinderliteratur; La littérature enfantine

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And may the best man win

By Erich Segal

WOLFGANG DECKER and MANFRED
LAMMER (Editors):
Studien: Zeitschrift für Geschichte
des Sports und der Körperkultur
Volume 1 (two parts): 396pp.
Volume 2 (two parts): 320pp.
Leiden: Brill, 1955 each part.

Sport and intellectuality have tradi-

tionally shared at one another from

opposite sides of the track. Scholars

would speak of the two in almost

Manichean terms. In *Studien* the

student caught playing football

exposed. But *tempus currit*

Stadion has now moved sport out of

the locker room to a legitimate

place on the shelves of learned

periodicals. Indeed, the study of

sport can provide useful cultural in-

sights. Its metaphors permeate lan-

guage to an extraordinary degree;

what we play reveals what we are.

Athlos est ethos.

It is no coincidence that this new

publication emanates from the

Sporthochschule of Cologne and

that it is subtitled by the Bundes-

institut für Sportwissenschaft.

Germany sport has been a serious

subject for more than a century.

Seemed only natural to the people

who built a mythic bond between

Deutschland and *Nachkriegs*. The Ger-

man historian who invented "the

torch relay from Olympia to Berlin

to inaugurate the 1936 Games

was merely dramatizing a national

myth: that they were the new

written handbook on wrestling?

Was not Aristotle himself a *Sport-*

historian? He chronicled the ath-

letic victors are now lost, but obli-

tion in his extant works reveal a

keen interest in style and tech-

nique. In fact all the Greeks lacked

the word for it. Which the

Germans provided: *Sportwissenschaft*.

But the discipline presents a

serious semantic problem for the

modern scholar. What is the

precise definition of "sport"? Ay,

there's the rub (note metaphor).

Almost every contributor to *Stu-*

dien must preface his essay

redefining the term to suit his

particular topic.

The word has a protean history,

being no recognizable relation to

Shakespeare's *deporture*. For

work. For Milton was what one

connotation is clearly reinforced by

the rakes in Restoration comedy

when they speak of "the Sport".

Yet the word suffered a sea change

during its return trip across the

for European (including Russian)

usage became serious stuff, espe-

cially in Germany because of the

Hellenic precedent. The ancient

thing *Athlos* meant both a com-

petition in the stadium and a con-

flict on the battlefield. *Agon* was a

competitive event or a clash of

armies. Indeed, according to Jacob

Burckhardt, every aspect of Greek

life was dominated by "the agonal

drive" a notion enthusiastically

supported by his younger colleague

at Basel, Friedrich Nietzsche.

Das agonale Wesen was seen as

the essence of Greek character and

the key to their achievements.

Though Burckhardt clearly

stopped the mark in claiming that

one that "was exclusively Greek,

keint" the chorus of German

scholars who echoed him failed to

Dutch. Huisman, who did was

Volk gave semantic support to the

idea of a "Germanic" *agon*. Indeed

flowed endlessly. It is dismaying

to find distinguished scholars like

Max Pohlenz writing as late as

1947 that the agonal drive distin-

guished the Greeks from the

Barbarians. *Agon* was the

Germanic word for "agonism" and

made "Führer des Agonalismus"

and his book was released in

1940.

Today Hitler exists in two forms.

For some his spirit still lives. For

others it merely haunts. Several

essays in *Studien* show con-

temporary German scholars appar-

ently trying to come to grips with

the Nazi phenomenon as mani-

fest in its attitude towards sport.

The very first number has an arti-

cle called "Die innerpolitische

Taktik des NS-Richtungsführers".

It includes the text of a "key

document" from the mid-1930s

which includes memoranda by Mar-

tin Bormann and Alfred Rosenberg.

We learn how well Hitler under-

stood the power of sport. He felt it

essential for "the spiritual and

ideological education and formation

of the NSDAP". Physical exercise

would develop the "might" for

the upcoming conquests. Their triumphs

in the Germanic lands would prove

(Rosenburg would later begin to

speak of "nordische Hellen").

Each subsequent fascistic pre-

sents, as it were, a further anal-

ysis of the Nazification of German

sport. In II 3, we read of the

"Agonalisation" of the German

gymnastics federation (Turner-

bund of calisthenics, conceived by

Friedrich Ludwig Jahn (1778-1852),

is assured by the training history

of the evolved and expounded in

three works considered by Hitler

for physical education: *Lehrbuch*

(the other two being Plato's *Republic*

and *Mein Kampf*). Jahn had

been an ardent German nationalist,

the Nazis honored his memory by

purifying the clubs that perpetuated

his teachings.

Stadion II 2 offers yet another

chapter in the saga. "Was Berlin

1936 a Victory for Nazi

Propaganda?" discusses the

planning of those monstrous

Games held when at least

one concentration-camp was already

open for business. There were

two problems concerning the

racial purity of the national team,

namely Helene Mayer, a fencer,

and Knud Bull, an ice-hockey player.

Though superb athletes, they were

half Jewish, thus evoking much

sympathy about which half was

racially more important. The

ably Aryian, for as the author's

foreword, Jews were athletically in-

ferior.

This sort of pronouncement - not

to mention the Nuremberg Laws -

inspired a movement in the United

States to boycott the Berlin Games.

The late Avery Brundage was

among those who made a fuss

ing trip. He returned not only full

mouthed with the Germans, but

aganda that had prompted the boy-

cott movement.

Accompanying the article are

documents which demonstrate how

the private communiqué suggested

approved the unofficial and dis-

tem. This would enable the world

to calibrate Germany's achieve-

ments. A "top secret" memo advo-

cates disseminating the notion that

the Olympic idea meant "the best

men always win". (Italics theirs).

But whose Olympic idea? Cer-

tainly not Baron de Coubertin's. To

find the slightest justification, one

would have to hark back to the

dead, another contributor discusses

others, as expressed in *Homage*

to the Greek spirit, *aristoteli* (which

is the title of J. Wetler's

essay). In Book 6, Glaukos

words to him as he left for Troy

was "always be the best, the

distinguished from everyone else".

We are told in Book 11 that

to "admirable" Achilles as he

that perhaps too much has been

made of these passages, which are

usually quoted as proof for the

agonistic Greek first. Recently,

demonstrated the puerility of

Homeric heroes' behaviour as they

quabble for the distinction of

being not unlike Muhammad Ali's

former boast - *aristoteli*. *Achilles*

When Achilles withdraws, the title

is, as it were, vacated, and there is

no surprise that today the

situation worsened when the

German Olympic Committee

rightly observes, the Games

had a negative effect on most

of nations (Kenya being an

exception). Confronted with the

possibility of an international

adversity, a country like Sumatra,

Turner, and a great desire to bring

its exponents to America. In the

process, several new professors of

literature were appointed at Har-

vard. For the gymnasts were, of

course, all philologists as well. But

a short time after he translated

John's book on *Turner* into

English, Karl Ruck received a chair

of "Instructor in Gymnastics".

was simultaneously hired to teach

German literature. And no one

By Mark Elvin

FRANK ROBERTSON:
Triangle of Death
The Inside Story of the Triads—
the Chinese Mafia
184pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£3.95.

Life in old China was seen as having two contrasting sides. These were the *cheng* and the *hsieh*, complex notions that we may translate respectively as "upright, orthodox, and correct" and as "oblique, heretical, and depraved." Sometimes two other terms were used instead, with slightly different connotations. These were *kung* and *sei*, meaning "public, government" and "private, intimate, and personal." Although the binding of "private" to "illegal" may strike us as strange, there is little surprising in such distinctions. What Chinese was the feeling that, in some curious way, one side depended upon the other. Thus a magistrate who was too upright could not govern effectively. He could not make the deals and compromises necessary to manipulate superiors and inferiors. If he tried to reduce or remove the illegal but necessary "squeeze" extorted by his minions from the people, administration ground to a halt for lack of funds. If he failed to come to terms with the leaders of his local underworld, it was often harder to maintain good order.

Conversely, the secret societies, those notably heretical, illegal, and criminal organizations, had their own ideas of uprightness and justice. Their rituals spoke of a coming world of "Great Peace." In principle, at least, all members were brothers and sisters, whatever their social class. "Vagabonds and beggars" included. Those in need were lent money; widows were provided for; and the dead buried free, if necessary. Any member who had been arrested had an unconditional right to assistance. The death penalty was prescribed for unauthorized collaboration with the government, as the rules of the Triad Society put it, "the officials and the law are each their own master." Many highly respectable members of society belonged to these organizations, valuing their contacts and protection, while secret society chieftains in their turn paid homage to the dangers of respectability. One of the most celebrated examples of this was Moon-Organ, between the wars. To him his members with complimentary calligraphy by the Vice-President's chief secretary, and he was depicted as a paragon of philanthropy, other good causes out of his profits from drugs, prostitution, and gambling.

Against this background of ambivalent attitudes it is easier to understand the book of the Triad Society on Hong Kong and on the main theme of Frank Robertson's new book, *Triangle of Death*. Doubtless there is not much central fact. The Triad-based society of southern China is intrinsically hard to undercover agents to penetrate, because every newcomer can be checked and placed

in terms of his lifelong position in the network of relationships. When we add to this the difficulties of the Cantonese language, and the Chinese distaste for involvement with governments, especially foreign ones, it is obvious that Chinese overseas society offers a medium for covert operations that is in some ways unique. It is of this, and of their complicity in "upright" and "oblique," that the Triads have taken advantage, particularly for smuggling heroin.

Triangle of Death is a journalist's book, both in its weaknesses and its strengths. It is happily clichéd and ridden and enjoys making the reader's flesh creep. The kids were disposed of in a meat grinder, their remains put in a plastic bag and dumped across the Hudson River, but the author is a man of unusual courage, with a sharp eye. He outlines the historical background of secret societies in China, and their larger role in Hong Kong, Singapore, San Francisco and elsewhere in providing protection against foreign governments. He leaves out the 1960s, mostly from Hong Kong, that laid the base for recent secret society activity which is to be accounted of the way the "Golden Triangle" on the frontiers of Burma, Thailand, and Laos has grown since 1950 into the major source of the world's opium under the tutelage of some remnants of the Nationalist Chinese forces. The emergence of Hong Kong as a heroin-manufacturing centre, and the supporting role of Taiwan and Japan as suppliers of the acetic anhydride needed for the refining, is told through the medium of a short biography of a drug-dealing Chinese, Ng Sikho. Chapters on sin, Holland, and France, and the Hong Kong share of the market, complete the picture.

A messy picture it is, too; but those who react with revulsion against this sort of Western hostility to members of a community who rarely see themselves as anything but "sojourners" should remember that the most numerous victims of the Chinese secret societies are the Chinese themselves. Robertson comments that the Chinese are at heart a very private people who will go to great lengths to avoid standing up to be counted. He quotes with approval the remark of a chief police officer in San Francisco's Chinatown: "There is a failure on the part of the Chinese people here to be truthful, failure to report crimes, failure to identify and failure to testify. On these foundations the worst of the crime are built. It is a depressing thought for those interested in crime, but probably our least well-integrated immigrant community."

Translation of Chinese drama into Western languages has been very successful; now in *Right Chinese Play* (164pp. Black. £5.50) William Dooley has done a new version of plays representing major genres from the thirteenth to the twentieth century. Comedy is well represented, with a skit on quick wits, and an intrigue involving a prime minister and pretty girls.

Criminal proceedings

By T. J. Banyon

ERIC CLARK:
Black Gambit
192pp. Hodder and Stoughton.
£3.95.

Fearing that American-Jewish reaction to the Russian repression of Jewish dissidents might lead to a backlash against Kissinger's policy in the Middle East, Alan Scott, special assistant to the Secretary of State, plans to take the heat off by smuggling Zorin, a famous geneticist and the focal point of dissident activity, out of the Soviet Union. Eric Clark sets up his initial premise rather shakily, but thereafter goes from strength to strength in a detailed, and unfortunately too speculative, account of the operation. Unfortunately he shows a slight lack of imagination in making the general but particular one: a historical and paranoid Nixon.

ROBERT L. DUNCAN:
Temple Dogs
318pp. Michael Joseph. £4.95.

William Corbett is the top trouble-shooter for BSK, a huge multinational company with interests concentrated in the Far East. Reporting from South Korea, where the government is putting pressure on an BSK subsidiary, to Tokyo, he finds that he has been set up as a fall guy for an illegal arms deal the murder of a South Korean who controls BSK, and Klein, from the Pentagon, are determined to show the developing countries that the multinational cannot be pushed around any more. Corbett, Klein's goon squad, is the only person who can avert a catastrophe.

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FICTION

The making of a mammary

By Michael Mason

PHILIP ROTH:
The Professor of Desire
263pp. Cape. £4.50.

Philip Roth may be joining the unlikely society of novelists such as Tolstoy who write about the same characters in several works—the novel not necessarily appearing in the same order as the events they deal with. For the first thing to say about *The Professor of Desire* is that it seems to take the story of David Kepesh, who was—most emphatically—the titular hero of *The Breast*, up to the point of his conversion into mammary tissue. Here are related the facts that are only referred to in the memory of that six-foot lump of pink flesh in a hospital hammock: the recent affair with Claire Ovington, the childhood spent at his father's hotel, the Hungarian Royale, the cohabitation with two Swedish girls as a Fulbright scholar in London, the psychoanalysis under Dr Klingner, the ruined marriage with Helen, and so forth. Having *The Breast* to carry on with by going back to it, so to speak, has a decisive effect on the ending of *The Professor of Desire*. For the latter—very unlike a Tolstoy novel—and in a school of the greatest uncertainty, David Kepesh is having his affair with Claire, which is an idyllic worm-eaten by his own doubt and pessimism. The more the affair stabilizes and enriches itself the more he doubts it.

The Breast gives us the surprising

aftermath of that doubt and gives it, what is more, in a surprising mode. In *The Professor of Desire* Kepesh ponders a lot on Kafka, but the text he suddenly inhabits is something like a Kafka fiction. It shows originality and purposefulness on Roth's part that he has put two such formally disparate novels into narrative continuity with one another. His production has in general adopted an unusual variety of shapes (compare *Gandhi* Columbus with *The Great American Novel*) and here he is taking that variety by the horns and doing something with it.

But the juxtaposition of the two novels does not have the effect of exposing the idiosyncrasy of the Kafka-like component in *The Breast*. It becomes clear how much of this book is the naturalistic story of a Jewish literature professor with a moderately complicated sexual history that causes him anxiety. There is no real strangeness to Kafka's sort of driving through the novel, despite its foundation in a caustic so blatantly similar to that of *Metamorphosis* (a conceit that Kafka himself seems to have found unsatisfactory). *The Breast* does not occupy that peculiar space which Kafka occupies with such sure-footedness and decorum—a space in which there should be no footing and no rules, as it exists nowhere, not even in dreams.

In *The Professor of Desire* Kepesh has some thoughts about Kafka which are distinctly unpromising. *The Castle*, he muses, might be "a book engaged at every level with the academic jargon" ("engaged at every level") this remark deflects attention from the

the surreal working conditions. "Cancel my appointments for the next hour," snaps Elizabeth as she glares little prelate research although it will take her at least twenty minutes to get out of the building. She learns fast, soon becomes formidable, and would apparently rather put in a sixteen-hour day than grace the world with a considerable fortune. Finally, hands over the presidency to her husband but retains control of the shares: a shrewd if combative day's work. But she is still shy and unsure, as well as being beautiful, plucky, and able to put even the most difficult man at his ease. At no time in her working life does she feel like a day off, get fed up with the clothes she put on far too early that morning, or suddenly realize that she has forgotten to buy bread. Readers who may be interested in seeing this girl's adventure story acted out will be delighted to learn that the film of the book will be released in 1978.

The grand parade of images, the grand scale of the sentence, seems somehow nervous rather than celebratory—especially if one tries to identify the kind of triumph that is being talked about.

The pattern that David Kepesh seeks in his life is the pattern of a secret society. His sexual relationships are put into diagrams that can sound strained or vacuous: Claire "is to steadfastness... what Helen was to impetuosity." It is a pity that making sense of this constellation of Kepesh's life becomes such an overriding concern, dolefully pursued, because there is plenty of other material in his story that is given masterful local treatment—such as the comedy of his childhood days at the Hungarian Royale, and the pathos of his mother's death and his father's widowhood. The spirit in which these matters are regarded can be amusing, sad, or confused. Only sexuality seems to be, in addition, a threatening thing.

Screen-struck

By John Bowen

RONALD HARWOOD:
One, Interior, Day.
146pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.50.

One, Interior, Day, is a collection of nine stories set in the world of film. Ronald Harwood's publishers present them as "splendidly satirical, but anyone who has worked in the world will recognize them as skilfully connected pieces of naturalism." I have myself spent the last month rewriting a screenplay, unknown to its original author who was almost certainly writing the scenes long and only slowly realized what was happening as he met actors in the lift who had come to audition for a part not in his script; the next development should be that both our scripts will be hatched together by some blood-relation of the producer, who will then contrive to get sole credit. Mr Harwood's stories are not splendid satire; they are splendid truth.

They also seem to be splendidly autobiographical. Like Edward Lewis, the high, royal, Harwood came to Britain from South Africa.

A recognizable reek

By Valentine Cunningham

MAUREEN DUFFY:
Houseplay
218pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.50.

Graham Greene hesitated between calling *Brighan Rock* a novel and calling it an "entertainment." It was, of course, both—and so is Maureen Duffy's extremely fetching *Houseplay*: a fiction that's fetching not least because whilst strictly operating a straight international spy thriller, manipulating the mores of that customarily masculine genre so knowingly and well, she expands the form to bring larger purposes home.

The story has the regular zestful mix: an omniscient spy of a civil servant (the eccentric Hampson or Harpie or Clean Round the Bend), who is at the centre of all plots, a functionary who sells secrets to buy the boat he craves, an honest-copper agent, Scully, blockishly sorting out the maze of a dumped in, lots of violent death, lots of women, much foreign travel. And above all, naturally, there is enigma. Scully is assigned, ostensibly to protect Rex Oldfield, socialist minister for economic planning, who is seeking to nationalize Britain's financial institutions by fiat rather than debate. His enemies, whoever they are, will stoop at little—they nuzzle his American wife and die beat-over and nearly finish off Scully. They succeed, too, in a rightist coup that will, we assume, satisfy all the civil servants who keep bashing the planks in the government.

Other thriller merchants deal in politics, of course, but they are not usually sexual politics. A narrative pauses occasionally for once over all those dead women's bodies: shot, raped, necks broken by male thugs for men's policies. The hold on Oldfield's wife is her taste for other women, as Scully discovers by adding up the furtively visited gay bars, the old scandal of her ex-

pulsion from college and the lesbian porter. Twice Scully is reminded of one who was taken to pieces for spying on women.

Houseplay, then, pervades a male domain with an attentively feminist awareness. And the lady is a writer, always choosing the right word in the right place: the "narration" of *Houseplay* is a "narration" of *Houseplay*. ("scribble" comes in twice). It's an intimate intimacy with vocabulary; an intimacy, for that matter, with arm-pits. Scully finds the sleeves of the Oldfield family overcoat quite infested with bugs, and takes on his own account to arm-pit-bug-gone. He has an especially sharp nose, in fact, for sweaty clothing, others and his own. He's given to collecting down at the laundrette on "shirts and pants that give off a recognizable reek of his own body even though he bathed and changed nearly every day."

It's hard, indeed, to believe that the cultivated Scully—so well read for a copper, up on Villon, a keen collector of the Musée du Cluny and the Rijksmuseum—hasn't read *Houseplay*. Certainly Maureen Duffy is doing Greene homage here: not just in that squalor of under-pants and underarms but in Scully's original and recollections of school. The original pangs of school meals and halls that is always rising to greet him in the Houses of Parliament or in a German café, carrying him back to childhood horrors.

Houseplay's zest for the murky enigmatic brings home how much modernist fiction and the spy story back on to each other—as each Balzacian novel and detective story did—as cotype and archetype. Once upon a time novels and readers and detectives discovered things, now they fail to discover them. Why don't you leave it alone, Scully? Harpie presses at the end. "None of us will ever know precisely what happened. The only witnesses are dead. You, Ferguson and I each have a little piece of it but not enough to make a picture even if we put them all together."

March New Books

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**Something
for everyone
from Oxford**

The French connections

FRANÇOIS CARADEC:
Histoire de la littérature enfantine
en France
Paris: Albin Michel. (2 226 00521 8)

In this refreshing, instructive, witty and most readable book, François Caradec comes straight to the point with a discussion of the philosophy of teaching children to read. The teacher's purpose, he says, should be to make children into good readers (not great readers). That is, to encourage them to be individuals who keep their freedom when reading, who approach books according to their own personal rhythm, who read much or little according to their taste, and light or difficult books according to their intellectual capacities. "Ce rythme, ce choix, ces goûts sont à la base d'un apprentissage de la lecture." What could be simpler?

François Caradec is one of the most wide-ranging of French writers today. He has written books on Lautréamont, Raymond Roussel, Alfred Jarry, Alphonse Allais; he has compiled several anthologies, and is responsible for that most useful, amusing and up-to-date (1977) *Dictionnaire du français argotique et populaire*. If at first one is a little surprised at the subject of his present venture, one soon realizes that there is no reason for surprise. This *History of Children's Literature in France* is precisely what its title announces it to be, but it does not see children's books in a vacuum, or as "marginal literature"—a classification imposed by most French publishers. Caradec relates children's books to literature in general, and to life, and discusses the importance of books for the development or non-development of the growing child's faculties.

The historical framework of this book takes us chronologically from the early oral traditions, through La

Fontaine, Racine, Perrault, Dumas and Jules Verne, to Jost, whose "interesting enterprise" it has been to write for children under the age of three. It is thus packed with information, while remaining easily and agreeably digestible. The author manages to tell us some things in just a few paragraphs, the essentials about many writers, and their place in the scheme of things. At the same time he calls into question the very idea of there being any such thing as "children's literature".

He shows, for instance, how some authors who intended their books for adults (Defoe, Swift, Dumas, Jules Renard), have willy-nilly been adopted by children, whereas others who thought they were writing for children (Lewis Carroll, Saint-Exupéry) have been either more, or equally, appreciated by adults. He also cites cases where the intention of the author is not entirely clear (La Fontaine, Perrault). Of the latter he says: "Il semble bien... que la prose des contes soit destinée aux enfants et les vers des moralités aux adultes." And in this context he quotes Marcel Aymé, who wrote of his *Contes du chat perché*:

En écrivant ces contes je ne savais pas encore qu'ils seraient des contes d'enfant. Je les écrivais pour me reposer mes lecteurs éventuels de leurs tristes aventures où l'amour et l'argent sont si bien entremêlés qu'on les prend à chaque instant l'un pour l'autre, ce qui est forcément fatigant. Mes histoires sont donc des histoires simples, sans à tour et sans argent.

Aymé adds that grown-ups were not bored by his stories and that this pleased him, for a book that bores adults has the same effect on children.

Marcel Aymé's honest, unpretentious attitude is also that of Caradec. He obviously likes and respects children, is on their side, and recognizes their special qualities, which most of them lose when the time comes to conform to the adult

world. He has some scathing and pertinent things to say about the commercialism of those publishers and authors who between them encourage the lowest common denominator in children's taste, he discusses the ethics and efficacy of adapting and expurgating books for children, and his remarks on fashion and the "moralisme crénelé" of pedagogues and "experts" are brisk, wise and thought-provoking. All this appears in thorough, conversational asides in between the serious business of writing a serious history. (Which contains an index, bibliography and chronology.)

The title of the book, it will be observed, is not "French literature for children", but "Children's literature in France" and, as Caradec says: "La littérature enfantine présente ce paradoxe d'être plus qu'une autre internationale." This works all ways, of course, for where would children's literature in England be without Perrault, the brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen, Jules Verne, Tintin and the endearing, dateless, Babar the elephant?

Among the "faits divers" that I have learnt from this diverting book are that Dickens knew French perfectly and was very particular about his translations—which, says Caradec, may well be the reason for his lasting success in France; and that the first children's bookshop in the world was opened in 1750 by John Newberry in London, "au pied de la cathédrale Saint-Paul".

Among the "citations diverses" that I particularly appreciate is the answer Marcel Aymé (once again) gave to the question: "What is your opinion on the characteristics of a book written for children?" His reply: "La bêtise, le mensonge, l'hypocrisie." It also seems that there is documentary evidence that General de Gaulle once said to André Malraux: "Au fond, vous savez, mon seul rival international, c'est Tintin!"

Barbara Wright

Capsule history

Histoire de France
en bandes dessinées
De Saint-Louis à Jeanne d'Arc
(2 03 051733 X)
De Louis XI à Louis XIII
(2 03 051734 8)
Paris: Larousse, 34fr each.

This Larousse series has been produced with the aim of surveying the complete history of France in eight volumes, from Gaul to the Fifth Republic, each volume containing some 150 pages. The artists are well known: in these two volumes they are Edouardo Coelho, Raymond Polret and Raphaël.

The illustrations are curiously old-fashioned, and similar to those that one finds lying around in French antique fairs. Neither the colour nor the line are in any way special. There is very little text, apart from the balloons which appear, again in the most traditional manner, from the heads of the characters. From time to time black asterisks indicate a footnote, so that when Francis I is speaking to Giovanni da Verrazano and is told about "Le Carhay", a note explains that this refers to northern China. Each volume is preceded by a somewhat laconic page which sets the scene for the illustrations which follow.

The value of this history by strip cartoon depends upon the nature of the illustrations. If we look, for example, at the story of Joan of Arc, we can hope to understand the point of the whole venture. The story is told in flashback, beginning in Joan's prison in Rouen, where they tell her that she is to be burned. From this we go back to her childhood at Domrémy, and see her playing in her village. We are told that her father was "un paysan aisé", and she is shown as having a great many different dresses, all though she is occasionally barefoot. The other village girls are also well

turned out, but the village is shown after a fight, with the houses and towers in flames, though it's not clear whether the neighbouring village is the one explained by Olivier de la Penne, or whether they have engaged in some more conflict.

From then onwards, the linear story of the volumes is to Brundage, to the besieged Orleans, to the final victory, the dark-haired girl, with a long hair-style, indeed, and a five as to make one feel the secular youth market.

The poor women of the time carry their buckets on their heads, and the battlefields are dotted with the shoulders. While even the wife, who is described as "une femme de bien", is depicted with a "faux nez", it is true that the historical faces express something of the deal of silliness in the but these characteristics do to emphasize the tradition of this whole presentation.

Douglas Johnson

CRITICISM

The disappearing child

PAUL HEINS (Editor):
Crosscurrents of Criticism
Horn Book Essays 1968-1977
359pp. Boston, Massachusetts: Horn Book. \$12.50.

The Horn Book Magazine bestirred the children's book scene in the United States. Founded in 1924 by Bertha Mahony Miller, it has all the weight of cumulative authority that derives from its continuity, its reputation for serious consideration of writing for children and its powers in selecting certain authors for notice. From time to time collections of essays have appeared in its pages are bound into a single book. The latest of these is *Crosscurrents of Criticism*, selected by Paul Heins who was the magazine's editor for seven years out of the ten (1968-1977) covered by this volume.

Although the expositions of critics are subject to the same aging process as the books they discuss—the immediacy has gone from Aidan Chambers' "Letters from England" heralding *Waterbury Down* and *Red Shift*, for example, and is replaced by a kind of memory frisson—the grouping of articles on a common topic illuminates the reviewer's preoccupations in ways that were impossible when the pieces were written. The strongest theme to emerge from this decade is the question of what a children's book is, and why critics take this question so seriously. Across this current run the counterpointing streams of interest in topics such as classification, fantasy, humour, historical novels, translation and the emergence of authors of distinction. Because there is now such a body of children's literature to work on, Paul Heins says that both the *lit* and the *crit* have "come of age". By this he means that they are worthy to be considered as part of literature in general, and responsive to the same kind of critical attention as serious fiction for adults.

We are familiar with the terms of the debate. In 1970 Paul Heins went "Out to Lunch" with the Critics, rather in the same way as Brian Alderson posited the "Irrelevance of Children to the Children's Book Reviewer" (*Children's Book News*, 1969). "The reviewing and criticism of children's literature," said Mr Heins, "is more complex and more fraught with misconceptions than any other kind of reviewing and criticism", chiefly because "there is no simple, clear and easy way by which to determine the proper relation between the term 'children's' and the term 'literature'". A passage of arms between a critic, Eleanor Cameron, and an author, Ronald Dahl, from which neither emerges very well, illustrates some of the difficulties. No one denies the popularity of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* with children, Eleanor Cameron contends it is "one of the most tasteless books ever written for children". While in England it is the writers who are concerned not to be regarded as literary lightweight, in *The Horn Book* the same is true of the critics.

Mr Heins's insistence that the questions which "beset" children's literature—classification, defence and evaluation—are "invariable" is difficult to substantiate, at least in the case of the first two problems. In fact, the critics' task emerges as the problem of picking winners, at either first or second glance. The question "Will it last?" is often directly asked. Mr Heins wants books which "appealing at present to children will seem even better when they are reread by those same children in their adulthood", and he gives his list for this Peter Pan exercise. Although he denies literature to work on, Paul Heins says that both the *lit* and the *crit* have "come of age". By this he means that they are worthy to be considered as part of literature in general, and responsive to the same kind of critical attention as serious fiction for adults.

As "primitive and rudimentary" and pedagogic preoccupations with books which help children to read have no part in this critical array, which is to defend literature from the intrusions of those whose concerns are not purely literary. Search as you will, there is no view of childhood to be directly perceived in the writing of most of those who claim to be acting on the child's behalf, and the child's pleasure in reading the books is directly equated with the adults' pleasure. There is a chapter on jokes and comic-strip called "folklore", and I would trade a bushel of evaluation for more of Sid Fleischman's laughter.

Otherwise all is high seriousness and social realism, and nowhere more so than in Sheila Egoff's view of the 1960s scene from Canada. For her, children's writers portray a society unsure of itself, intimidated by the young, with ineffectual adults and self-regarding anti-heroes and heroines. I hope she thinks this phase has passed, together with over-concern with minority problems and homosexuality. I hope too that there is no more need to defend fantasy. Three paragraphs included from a piece of Ursula LeGuin surely put paid to that.

British authors who appear in this setting throw their earnestness into even stronger relief. Aidan Chambers' quicky satire on critics' malaises deflates the ponderousness of much that follows. Jill Paton Walsh and Penelope Lively carry off the honours in the historical fiction section by the strong particularity of their arguments. Both know well how to present the writer's way through a book so that it illumines the reader's.

I fell with relief and gratitude on Mary Oving's essay on Konrad Chukovsky. Many people now know *From Two to Five* and many more should, because the kind of debates that Chukovsky took part in make other concerns seem self-indulgent and provin-

cial. No author in the West has had to read his children's stories "out loud" to a group of adults, and the warning may be well heeded by those of us who are threatened by books as consumables, packaged like soap and sold in the same way. It's the same problem in another culture. In the teeth of genuine hardship and oppression Chukovsky defended the right of children to use imaginative fabrication as a way of coming to terms with reality. This essay widens the collection and gives it a historical and social dimension it would otherwise lack. Next to it are the experiences of gifted translators whose tangle with words is a distinctive kind of criticism with a different aesthetic distance between the reader and the author. Their modesty in displaying such skillful metamorphoses in language should not pass, as it too often does, unremarked.

There is no doubt that Paul Heins's selection demonstrates the breadth and depth of the concerns that link together those who people the international world of children's books. If coming of age means accepting responsibility towards the world, then *Horn Book* criticism has certainly attained its majority and is to be congratulated. Yet underneath the very weight of it all I shift uneasily, feeling that the collection of these pieces has produced a view of children's literature which is the survival of a nineteenth-century category without a real picture of a twentieth-century child. This implies a view of criticism as a kind of paraphrase or interpretation of what is to be understood, rather than an exploration of what has been made. The implied reader, whether child or adult, is missing. If adults read what they take to be books written for children, by new authors especially, they must by now have something to say about the diversified conceptions of the writing as well as the suitability of the themes, if only to show us how the various types of content or devices of storytelling are designed to make statements which both children and adults can grasp about the imaginative ordering of the world. It is clear that all those who

write for *The Horn Book* know that the difference between a translation and a translation is not the reader alone, and an opaque text, which forces the reader's attention on the manner as well as the matter of the tale, is not a difference of quality. Yet the implication that the good books for children are difficult to read. No where is any distinction made between how these stories are read by adults and by children. To expect that difference, to consider the distinctive pleasure each takes in the text, would add a different dimension to the as yet unformulated poetics of literature which is still called children's. In spite of the border disputes in the debatable land. As I read these essays, Nina Baym's outburst in *The Thorpe Paradise* kept ringing in my ears. "I have begun to feel that the child I write for is mysteriously absent." I don't believe that Paul Heins has deliberately excluded children from this party, but they have gone to play elsewhere, leaving, as it were, the adults with the electric train which is too complicated for them to enjoy.

In Britain we are fortunate in having a number of authors whose examination of the process of writing illuminates the nature of the books which assume the child as audience. We are also watching a revival of interest in the adult novel and the emergence of criticism which reads text as an exploration of writing. Children's books respond to this exploration as they exploit narrative styles. In such great response to narrative in all its diversity; it is often quicker and more perceptive than an adult's because they make the text transparent to take pleasure in the story. "The critic," says Jonathan Culler, "whose job is to display and explain the pleasure, comes to view the text as the happy side of Babel, a set of voices, identifiable or unidentifiable, rubbing against one another and producing both delight and uncertainty." That sounds more optimistic; we could go on from there.

Margaret Meek

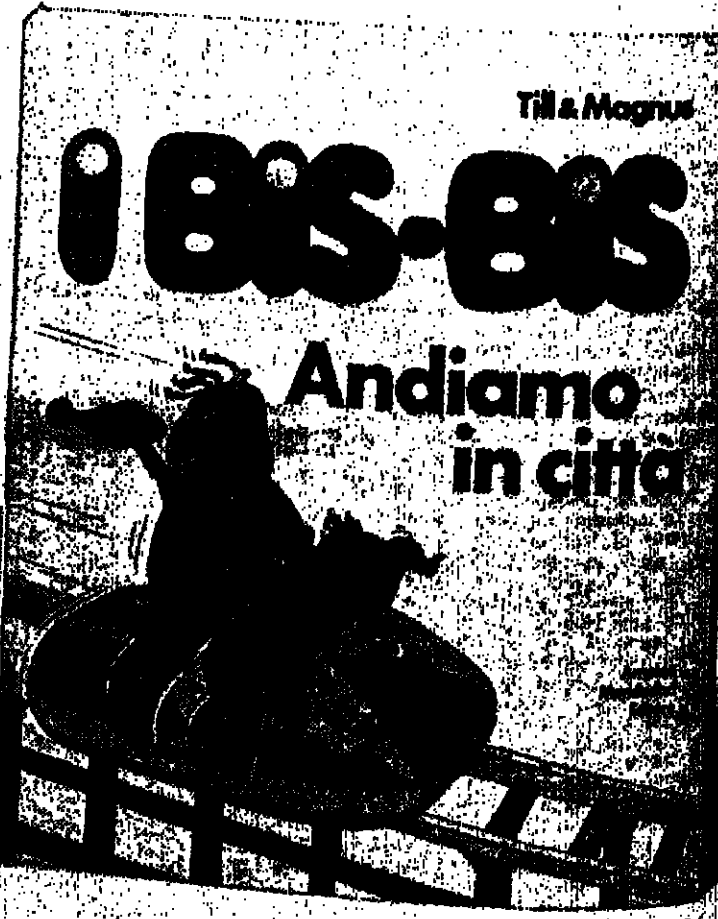
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Παιδί (paidi)

This is the Greek word for child (remember: pedagogy). There is another Greek word for children's books: "KEDROS". They even have created a special bookstore only for the very young. All KEDROS books are originally written and illustrated for children by the best Greek writers and artists. Some of them have been translated in foreign languages and have received international awards.

PUBLISHED IN 1977

Elli Alexiou
SING AND DANCE

Eleni Valavanis
PAP AND PIP



Adapted and illustrated
by Sophia Zarabouka
ARISTOPHANES
THE BIRDS
LYSISTRATA
PEACE

Alki Zei
BY THE RAILROAD
TRACK

Pantelis Kalitosis
THE FLY

Maroula Kilafa
TALES OF THESSALY
Tatiana Grital-Millex
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Yannis Negrepontis
FIFTEEN TALES
Ellis Papadimitriou
THE GANG

Margareta Papandrou
IMPER THE GIANT
LIGHTNING AND HER
THREE YOUNG
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George Sari
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KEDROS

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43 Solonos str. Tel. 3625 593
Athens-Greece.

Visual art

TERRY MEASHAM and
FRANCIS KENNET
A Child's Guide to Looking at Paintings
Marshall Cavendish, £2.99.
(85685 135 6)

Child art, that freedom of expression pioneered by Franz Czek and Wilhelm Viola, modified and disseminated by Marion Richardson and R. R. Tomlinson at the LCC before the war, now brightens every primary school wall with poster and powder paint, line and potato cut, collage and paper sculpture. It seems, however, to be a much more difficult task to weld together these showy manifestations of the adventures of child psychology with an older academic tradition. The cones and cubes which were the bedrock of the South Kensington system have long since been relegated to dusty stores, whatever success they had in making for a more accurate population being more than offset by their dreary failure to inculcate a love of art. But even today, the task of providing a cultural context for art which can inspire a child's own work and an appreciation of that of others has been left to the rare, gifted teacher, often working with little encouragement.

In such a climate, art museums can play a vital role and Terry Measham, Assistant Keeper at the Tate Gallery and contributor to this book, has been in the forefront of innovation. *A Child's Guide to Looking at Painting* is a welcome attempt to reduce to two-dimensional form the fruits of his experience. The authors do not underestimate the difficulty of their work in a world of total visual communication but are reassuringly confident of success: "Looking at pictures is not as easy as watching television but you'll enjoy it more." Or as my eleven-year-old consumer expressed it, she had always found looking at pictures boring until she had read this book.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that two vital elements in the process are lacking. The first, obviously, is the paintings themselves. Nothing mokes a numbered sensibility so much as confrontation with the real thing: the authors recognise the problem and compensate in a number of ways. They tell children that "the original painting . . . is ten times more exciting than any reproduction" and exhort them to visit galleries as often as possible as an adventure, alone or with a friend. Moreover, like a course in John Berger for juniors, they start off by delineating the difference between originals, photographs and reproductions, explaining the use of captions and measurements.

The second lack is the absence of the teacher. The explanations of the pictures read like a series of rhetorical questions cut off from their response. Yet often a teacher feels his way into a subject, exploring and learning from the children's questions and answers. Inevitably truncated from this natural flow, the text is occasionally rather simplistic. There is a page of typical answers, which does serve the purpose of a break for recapitulation, but feels a little contrived. No doubt that faint Joyce Graffell nuance would be dispelled in the live classroom. Games and quizzes also fill up the creative vacuum. They range from those frequently employed in museums—spot the detail and rub the texture—to imaginative suggestions such as drawing a set of museum clothes to complete an old master portrait. Parents will be relieved to find that the instructions for making paint with chalk and cooking oil advice budding art suppliers to ask before using these things.

The book is arranged with thought and subtlety. The child is led through a section entitled "Stop and stare" which is made up of six paintings in widely differing styles: Avercamp's "Skaters", a sixteenth-century Persian book illustration, "Guernica", Crivelli's "Annunciation", "Saurat's Bathers", and Klee's "Slashed the Sailor".

Each is explained clearly. Each also illustrates a different point which is elaborated in the second section, "Ways of seeing": the variety of artistic styles; the portrayal of nature, animals and people. After another break for recall, the final section deals with "Artists at work" and explains about colour, perspective, line, tone, texture and composition. Again this is clearly expressed, though I still fail to see which of the two portraits on page 43 (a page which unfortunately seems to have lost its number) is slightly to the left. I did not find the overall layout very imaginative except for the good visual joke on the last page: Magritte's "Euclidean Walks" which is also half printed on the back flap of the dust jacket. Nor do I think the fashionably multi-racial children who serve as fillers in the art-work especially appealing. My young friend concluded that although she might not spend her own book-taken on it, she would appreciate the book as a gift. She said it really made her want to look again. It would be valuable if it also inspired teachers to prepare their children better for gallery visits instead of leaving their bedraggled crocodiles to wander round lost and bored.

Colina Fox
Down the manhole
DAVID MACAULAY
Underground
Collins, £3.95. (00 195850 X)
Now that the jubilee plaques in the pavement are wearing out, those who walk with their eyes on the ground can get back to spotting more workaday things like manhole covers, stopcock lids and gratings, all of them reminders of the underground services needed to keep the above-ground world in action. These services, plus the actual foundations on which buildings are put up, form the subject of David Macaulay's latest book. In it he takes a city cross-section—or rather an intersection, for this is an American city—and delves beneath the surface to find all the pipes, ducts, drains and sewers which meet there; and at the four corners of the junction he uncovers the foundations of four buildings, each constructed by a different method.

Those who know David Macaulay's earlier books such as *Cathedrals* and *Castle* will remember his wonderful bird's-eye drawings of the progress of building work from the clearing of the site to the day of completion, each picture alive with busy craftsmen. Now we get the worm's-eye view, looking up at the underside of buildings, and the only animation apart from the traffic above is a tidy group of tourists gazing up from below at the

Charles rules

KIRSTY McLEOD
Drums and Trumpets
The House of Stuart
Andre Deutsch, £3.95.
(233 96861 X)
ALAN BOLD
Mary Queen of Scots
Wayland, £3.50. (85310 419 4)

Those who write history books for children face more, not fewer, problems than those who write for adults. For they face all the problems which confront the historian, with the added difficulties of explaining complicated matters clearly and simply—and in a shorter space. The best children's history books are those which present not a flat finished picture, but a lively sketch to be filled in by further observation and developing understanding.

In *Drums and Trumpets*, Kirsty McLeod presents a very good sketch of the Stuart Age. The book is at its best as a social and cultural history of seventeenth-century England. In a lively description of rural life, the author avoids the romantic idealization which characterizes some accounts. She sensibly reminds her readers that even some of those called gentlemen were little more than the yeoman, whose company they kept in the local tavern. Clergymen, themselves dependent on farming for their subsistence, worked closely with their peasant neighbours. Rural life was constant toil, but at least far land-waiting peasants a better lot than what which belied their continental counterparts. Rightly she emphasizes that towns were usually little more than villages, having more in common with the surrounding countryside than with other towns. London was the only large and independent city, and there, at least until the end of the century, had hygiene, disease and crime had their capital. London, however, was the home

KINGS AND COMMONERS 1901-1936
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Richard Poulton follows VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ANGLAND, with a fascinating study of Great Britain in the reigns of the next three Kings, ending with the death of Edward VIII. Lavishly illustrated with over 100 black-and-white photographs and 1 colour plates

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Foreword by
Johnny Lunch, MBE
Denis Neale is the most experienced professional player in England today. He has been at the sixteen years. Denis has consistently been ranked the world's top twenty players and, incredibly, he has more than four hundred and fifty times for England. From his wide experience, and a deep analysis of the game, he has produced this book on modern table tennis, strong on tactics and professionalism because, as he has kept me at the top for so long. 12 pages of black-and-white photographs, 5 diagrams

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Heinz Kurth
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HOW THE LEOPARD CHANGED HIS PRISCELLA AND OTTO FRIEDRICH
Illustrated by
Roger Duvoisin
Every animal wished for something it didn't have. But the leopard was the only one who had his wish, and when people knew a leopard can change his spots, the leopard just knew it. Released—previously published as the *Wildlife of the Woods*.

WORLD'S WORK

NON FICTION

Tooth and claw

RAYMOND L. CHAPLIN
Capreolus
The Story of a Roe Deer
Illustrated by John Edwards
Collins, £2.95. (00 195127 0)
T. A. S. GIBSON
Moshi the Jackal
Illustrated by the author
Rex Collings, £2.95. (86026 051 7)

ANGELA SHEEHAN
The Mouse
Illustrated by Maurice Pledger
Angus and Robertson, £1.80.
(207 95771 X)
ANGELA SHEEHAN
The Fox
Illustrated by Bernard Robinson
Angus and Robertson, £1.80.
(207 95772 X)

Capreolus is the story of the first few years in the life of a roe deer fawn. In simple language, anyone who writes about animals in story form runs the risk of being compared—usually unfavourably—with that master of the genre, Henry Williamson, but Raymond Chaplin, wisely, has not attempted to write a *Safari* book. Rather he has tried to put his considerable

knowledge of deer—this is his fourth book on them—into the form of a highly dramatized story, firmly based on the facts of roe deer natural history. Like Henry Williamson, however, he has written from the deer's standpoint and has written so well that you almost feel the pangs felt by *Capreolus* after he had fought Spiker, another buck. The story of shotgun pellets followed by

the more terrifying harassment in the forest by the teeth of a man dog, though it is a little overdone, is a touching reminder that for every young animal there are hundreds of men who, paradoxically, love most only what they can kill. A well written book, well illustrated, and a commendable *Capreolus* is illustrated with magnificent sketches by John Edwards which, though attractive, do not match the sensitive writing.

T. A. S. Gibson's *Moshi the Jackal*, by contrast, is an animal story well dramatized and admirably illustrated. The author uses short sentences in good effect—such a story cannot easily be written in lengthy and well-considered paragraphs—but it is his illustrations which attract the reader and bring home to us the combination of savagery and beauty which constitutes daily life on the African plains. Mr Gibson has a member of the Henry Williamson but Borna Hugo von Lawick whose films and books about wild life have shown us that to eat or be eaten is the lot of most animals born under an African sun. Fierce, sensitive, death and blood are the expected ingredients of this kind of book but, for once, the author knows from his own experience that his story should be told in a way that is both humorous and compassionate. This is a starkly realistic drawing of a python crushing a jackal in its coils and his vignette of two lions feasting on a drop of jackal's blood are counterbalanced by a delightful series of sketches showing Moshi trying to remove a large beetle which had clamped itself on his muzzle. Mr Gibson may not have made a big impression at a writer but as a versatile illustration of wild life he cannot be ignored.

Unlike the above two titles, *Capreolus* will be published on April 17. *Moshi* and *The Fox* are for young

readers only. Angela Sheehan's simple and pleasantly written text, in the coloured illustrations. It is as if she had been told that children should be told. Undoubtedly, however, readers love to have such books read to them while they are gazing at the pictures and Maurice Pledger's illustrations for *The Mouse* and Bernard Robinson's for *The Fox*, especially the former, are first class. A useful feature in these books is the addition of more precise details concerning mice and foxes at the end of each book.

S. Peter Dance

Horse sense

CHRISTOPHER RAWSON,
JOANNA SPECTOR and
ELIZABETH POLLARD
A Children's Encyclopedia of Horses and Ponies
Usborne, £2.95. (86020 156 2)

At first glance this appears to be an attractive and informative introduction to all matters equine; there are masses of full-colour illustrations and the contents page indicates that a very wide range of topics is covered. Unfortunately the book turns out to be not too well organized, rather uneven in quality and curiously difficult to read; it is not always easy, for example, to attach the captions to the right pictures. The book can hardly be called an encyclopedia, as about two-thirds of its ninety-six pages make up a pictorial instruction

manual and so must be indexed in comparison with the very many excellent instructional books already available.

The first part of the book is by far the best and can be bought as a separate volume with the title *Inside the World of Horses* (hardback £1.95, paperback 95p). It gives a brief history of the species from *Eohippus* (the Dawn Horse) to the thoroughbred, sections on working and riding horses, illustrations of famous breeds and a survey of equine sports.

It's all very sketchy, of course, and, even taking the limited space into account, there are some strange omissions; but children will like the colourful pictures and will learn enough to want to know more.

The remainder of the book purports to show a child how to buy, ride and look after a pony; thirty pages of it are also separately

available under the title *A Practical Guide to Riding and Pony Care*. It cannot be recommended as a manual for the novice rider or owner. The authors have put the emphasis on instructing rather than informing, and such important topics as feeding a pony and recognizing common ailments which would—rightly—be given a few chapters in other books are dealt with here in a couple of pages—most of which are covered in pictures anyway. There is some solid information and a few useful diagrams—the work of the blacksmith, for example, is clearly and attractively illustrated—but there is nothing that anyone with more than a minimum knowledge will not already know, and an ignorant child could well get the impression that owning a pony and keeping it healthy is an easy business.

Victoria Petrie-Hay

SOTHEBY'S HODGSON'S ROOMS, hold regular sales of children's books, drawings and juvenilia. The third sale this season was held on 1st-3rd March and totalled £39,998, when the illustrated items fetched £1,450 and £240 respectively. Books from the seventeenth century to the present day were sold including many rarities as well as the popular books written or illustrated by Lewis Carroll, Walter Crane, Edmund Dulac, Kate Greenaway, G. A. Henty, Edward Lear, A. A. Milne, Kay Nielsen, Beatrix Potter, Arthur Rackham, and others. These were followed by a selection of miniature books, chapbooks, comics, moving picture books, panoramas, peepshows, picture sheets, playing cards, table games, and drawings.

Other unusual items sold this season include *Tea-Table Dialogues between Miss Thoughtful, Miss Sterling, Miss Prattle, Mast, Thoughtful, Master Goodwill, Master Foplin*, 1771, a copy of the first edition, hitherto known only from contemporary advertisements, £310; outline proofs for eight full-page illustrations by Randolph Caldecott for *The Farmer's Boy*, hand-coloured by the artist, c. 1880, £410; the earliest copy so far recorded of *The Royal Primer*, lacking five leaves, c. 1746; and a copy of the privately printed first edition of Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, 1901, £820.

A large watercolour drawing by Edmund Dulac to illustrate the tale of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, depicting Morgiana putting off into jars containing the thieves. This was first published in *Stories from the Arabian Nights*, reissued by Laurence Housman, 1907.

Annual subscriptions to the illustrated catalogues and price lists for these sales may be obtained from: Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., Catalogue Subscription Department, 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA. For further information telephone or write to: MICHAEL HESSE-TINE



GINGERBREAD NUTS.

When winter comes the apples, And with uncertain show, This flying snow and frost, Through howls of chilling snow, But from the goblin hand, And out of this box, For all they will not follow play, And still the breath with care.

GINGERBREAD

The New Cries of London, with Characteristic Engravings, 1803. A copy of the historic unrecorded first edition of Jane and Ann Taylor's book on a subject popular in the early nineteenth century. The two sisters were prolific writers for children, best remembered for *Jemima Tripp*, *Little Star*, written by Jane and first published in 1806.

from contemporary advertisements, £310; outline proofs for eight full-page illustrations by Randolph Caldecott for *The Farmer's Boy*, hand-coloured by the artist, c. 1880, £410; the earliest copy so far recorded of *The Royal Primer*, lacking five leaves, c. 1746; and a copy of the privately printed first edition of Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, 1901, £820.

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 110, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1PN. Telephone: (01) 405 7234. Telex: BERNBROO, LONDON W2. Telegram: LONDON 3454.

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Hodder & Stoughton

An A-Z of aesthetic education

KLAUS DODERER (Editor):
Lexikon der Kinder und Jugend-
literatur
Volume II.
626pp. Basel: Beltz.

The 1890s were happy years for the critic of English children's books. Ho, like Edward Salmon, or she, like Mrs Field, could look back on more than a century of vigorous publishing, and they could see such master works of their own generation as *The Jungle Book* or *The Great Pyramids* as part of a familiar tradition. Not so across the German Ocean, however. In 1896 a movement in favour of the "aesthetic education" of the young found its foremost spokesman in a Hamburg teacher, Heinrich Wolgast, who that year published an influential critique, *Das Elend Unserer Jugendliteratur* (The Sad State of our Literature for the Young). The twin targets of this volume were the cheap ephemera of the kiosks and the bogus, idealizing, chauvinistic works of "official" children's literature, and the reformist zeal of its author was directed towards a new kind of writing for children's books. The acknowledgment of literary criteria in the writing and judging of children's books ("imaginative writing for the young must be a work of art").

To us now, and probably to us in 1896, these may not seem very original perceptions but largely by an accident of the alphabet one can see in Volume II of Klaus Doderer's *Lexikon* how deeply they have affected German thinking about children's books and how justly they go on working in the critical system. The juxtaposition of letters "J" and "K", and "L", which bring together compound nouns beginning with "Jung-", "Jugend-", "Kinder-", and "Less-", give a pronounced theoretical bent to this volume, and emphasize characteristics which were apparent, but less fully stated in Volume I.

Understanding among these is the problem of reconciling Wolgast's aesthetic ideas with the looming social preoccupations of the encyclopedia's editorial panel. For, while Wolgast is clearly revered for his attacks on sentimental patriotism—*was all know where that led*—and on "Schmaltz und Schund", the "Trivialliteratur" and comics that have engaged German critics so intensely since the war, his insistence on literary standards is in- explicable to theorists who look for children's books where the "socialist personality" may bloom. The *Lexikon's* repeated assertion of the debilitating effects of bourgeois and capitalist influences on children's literature cannot help but deflect the tension from Wolgast's central questions about the artist's

concern with this material. Even Rosa Luxemburg (what is she doing here?) is castigated for utterances that represent Wolgast's revisionist, literary-aesthetic standpoint. A good idea of the importance of Wolgast to the critics in Professor Doderer's team can be gleaned from several articles related to the theme of the "Kunst- und Erziehungs- bewegung" (movement for education through art), and through broad articles central to the whole ideology of the *Lexikon*: Professor Doderer himself on "Kinder- und Jugendliteratur" and "Kritik der KJL", and Dahrendorf on "Kritik der KJL". Wolgast has stimulated an analytical response here which is probably greater than anything that our own critics of children's books can muster (not least, perhaps because, in our un-Germanic way, we have not institutionalized the subject with the same academic thoroughness, and in territory where critical disciplines are needed, operates at a pretty elementary level).

Naturally one must be enormously grateful for the editorial labour that has assembled so much decision to combine traditional participants in children's literature with surveys of special aspects such as literary forms, concepts and national traditions (Volume II in-

cludes articles on such little-discussed cultures as those of Iran, Japan and Nigeria). Furthermore, it would be unfair to blame any reference work too severely that depends upon the whipping-in of articles from such a large and heterogeneous body of contributors—Volume II has 134 as against the sixty-four of Volume I. Nevertheless there is a perceptible gap between the level at which "social" and "aesthetic" discussions are conducted, many articles doing little beyond taking refuge from the need for critical debate by providing bland descriptions of some relief after the more condensed theorizing it does not allow subjects like "Jugendstil" or "Moralische Geschichten" where living predominates, to take on any character at all.

This tends to be true too of the articles on foreign writers and illustrators who will be much more familiar to English readers than almost all the German names between I and O. (Kilster is the only German figure in this volume of any consequence to children's literature as we know it). Presumably the decisions over whom to include have been dictated by the reception of an author's work in German-speaking countries, so the hesitancy or blandness with which he may be treated can be put down

in part anyway to the difficulty of seeing him in his own context, in part to contributors' laziness in moving among foreign writers. When in doubt about how to write a story, describe it.

So far as English context, Volume II are concerned, the Kipling, Lear, Lohndorf, McKee, Neill (A. S.), Notbury, Given the European past for graphic display it is not to find anything of it in the learning towards modernism. It would have been interesting to hear of Frankfort's Mrs Molesworth or E. Nesbit as it turns out, the difficulty of assessing foreign artists may be great. Even Kipling was in detail with his kind, while arch-mercantile John Galsworthy is treated with a more critical view of him in the last quotation of the dedication to the mis-spelling of "age" is a very twist to the original, as is poverty.

For benefit of those who from a state of rage at their fortune and their And gallop in a coach and Brian Alderson

CANADA

The space between cultures

By J. M. Cameron

DAVID STAINES (Editor):
The Canadian Imagination
Dimensions of a Literary Culture
273pp. Harvard University Press.
\$7.

English-speaking Canadians in the professions (at least, those with a university education in letters and the social sciences) talk a good deal about their cultural "identity", though we may suspect that what concerns them is rather the question of which such talk is the symptom comes from befuddlement with logomachies of one kind or another. "The problem of identity comes from the thrust towards meaningful engagement with the values of an alienated societal context within the parameters of the open-ended Canadian interface"—such a formulation is scarcely a caricature of what can be found in print. The editor of and contributor to *The Canadian Imagination* utter nothing quite so lurid as this, though the subtitle gets them off to a bad start. "Dilemmas... at least, we are spared 'can't' we have 'essays on' or 'studies in'?"

What we are spared in the subtitle we have to endure in the editor's (in substance quite sensible) introduction. He tells us the book is in part made up out of "a lecture series of coordinated perspectives in Canadian literary culture". O God O Harvard!

Canada is a grouping of regions physically very different from each other: the eastern maritime provinces, Ontario and Quebec from the sub-Arctic to the Great Lakes, the prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta—and, as Alberta merges into British Columbia, the great mountains, and then the rain forests and the Pacific coast. Pressing upon all these lands, the north are the sparsely inhabited, very cold North West Territories and the Yukon. The history in part of the country seems to be determined by the natural scene and resources—ores, timber, oil, grain, cattle—that come from or depend upon the earth, in part by the peculiar history of this part of North America. There is Quebec (with the less known region of Acadia, whence came the French-speaking settlers of Louisiana), that entered the British-ruled political system *faute de mieux*. It was with recent memory a society with something of the spirit of the old regime and pervaded by a tribal and puritanical Catholicism.

English-speaking Canada is composed, as it were, of many historical layers. Its first fathers are those who consciously rejected the American Revolution and fought to keep the connection with the British Crown. After these, there are the later immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, predominantly Protestant—many Ontario towns used

to be "Orange" in their ethos and administration—except in the eastern maritimes where a Gaelic culture almost exists in the Scottish Highlands. It is not with some difficulty before 1914 there was much immigration into the prairie provinces from central and eastern Europe—it is a piece of historical irony that the labours of their children now help to meet the deficiencies of the socialist systems of agriculture in the lands they left. More recently there have been many additions, citizens from the enslaved Baltic countries and other Europeans, and non-Europeans, to the Canadian mix.

To speak of what I am familiar with, there is in the streets, bars, churches, schools and universities of Toronto a brilliant and attractive presence of Italians, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, East Indians, West Indians, and many others. Of course, some of these Saxon eye may be Canadians of the second or third generation; with some Black Canadians the lineage goes back before the American Civil War. Some Anglo-Saxons find this hard to take. In public life distinguished themselves some time ago by saying of another lady, of oriental appearance and Canadian nationality, that she "didn't look Canadian". Perhaps fewer Anglo-Saxons than one would wish find such a remark odd or disgraceful. Standing in the shadows, onlookers, not summoned to the feast, are the native Indians.

The work of the literary imagination is always a response to, tradition and to the environment, physical and to the social. Few writers firmly set in the European cultures have attended self-consciously to the commonplace; they have been too much at ease in the world to go in for the divided consciousness of attending to the job of writing, and scrutinizing, spectators of their own performances, the activity of writing and the world in which it goes on. The exceptions are instructive: Conrad, Joyce, Henry James, Bernard Shaw. They all lived on a borderline (as Marshall McLuhan puts it in his essay in the present collection), in a space between national cultures; and the virtuosity of their performances, their all-around watchfulness, their enjoyment of a double vision, their awareness of occupying physically and spiritually a chosen, not inherited, place on the map.

In the former colonial territories of North America writers have willingly been in a situation much like that of Conrad or James. They are necessarily attached to, even crushed by, the European tradition; but they are not Europeans. The Hudson is more than a greater Rhine, the sky above the prairies is vaster than the sky stretched above East Anglia or the Dutch flats (though, perhaps no vaster than the France, new Spain, or the new lands more than revised versions of their fancied originals, and the Gaelic-speaker of Nova Scotia is far from

the lone sheiling on the misty island, and traffics with the Hebrides only in dreams. It is just as if, in the colonial or post-colonial situation and write as for the British public. Even then, the content will be different.

A now forgotten Canadian novelist, David Staines, there described vividly recalled by George Woodcock, gives a lively picture of the city that draws its wealth from these natural resources. But in *The Man from Glenagerry* and other works, once much read, along with the novels of William Black and Chambers' *Journal*, in Presbyterian circles, only the content has the air of novelty; the issue in the crude picture of hardworking Presbyterianism, not the childlike French Canadians, not to be taken quite seriously, are all founded in British culture; and their being exhibited in Canada makes them sound harsher, and more provincial. Sometimes the content is so extraordinary that the British mind is broken. This is true of Ernest Thompson Seton's animal stories, *Krag the Kootenay Ram* and others. There may be too much sugar and rosewater in the connection to point the portrait of Macpherson in Leacock's *Sketches of a Little Town*, but the force of its original, the small Ontario town of Orillia, was such as to explode the old stereotypes. We may trace the influence of W. W. Jacobs on Leacock, just as we may find some Leacock in Woodhouse; but the whole effect of the work is North American.

In his contribution George Woodcock argues that content was what marked out the most interesting Canadian novels before the Second World War. It was characteristic of Canadian fiction when it began to emerge as something special and distinguishable that its practitioners tended to be formally unadventurous and even conservative and to concentrate to a degree long abandoned by novelists in culturally more settled countries on the content of their books—on what they had to say rather than on how they said it.

This is no longer true in the novel—or in poetry or in the theatre. Form as much as theme is now what engages the critic. But a problem first exposed in connection with Canadian letters by Douglas Bush long ago, in 1939 (here recalled by Brian Parker in his essay on Canadian drama), remains: how to move from what is local and parochial (or provincial) to what is local and universal.

To be local is the chief way to be universal. Universal themes have always in literature been connected with particular places and cultures. But we can still distinguish what is equally local but nevertheless rises to the universal. How wonderfully localised, how much the sense of the universal and Kent is most of Dickens's work! How Bostonian are *The Bostonians*, how particularized the little shop where the Prince and Charlotte found the golden bowl! How tied to specific times and places is *Ulysses*! How much *Wuthering Heights* belongs to the moorland, that stretches from Haworth to Colne! But such works realize the universal in the local and how they do this is a problem for the critic.

It is convincingly argued by several contributors to this volume that Canadian literature has in recent years finally as it were, made the grade and may without absurdity be measured by the same instruments as those the critic uses in examining writing in English from Britain and the United States. This seems right. There are poets with distinctive voices and strong powers of imagination: Irving Layton, Douglas LePan, Susan Musgrave, Francis Sparshott, Earle Birney. Others would be read with interest in any English-speaking country; one hopes *The Canadian Imagination* will encourage more people outside Canada to read them. Northrop Frye's *Haunted by Lack of Grace* is an excellent and benevolent introduction to such work. George Woodcock provides a useful, if rather breathless, introduction to the Canadian novel.

Here again there is steady growth in competence and achievement. The work of Hugh MacLennan perhaps trembles on the edge of the provincial, though for the student of Canadian society his novels—solid, old-fashioned, honest—are enlightening. Remarkable work has come from Margaret Laurence and Marilyn Cullen and Robertson Davies, and there are younger writers whose work seems on the way to great distinction. Alice Munro (not mentioned in this collection) has in her short stories done for what William Faulkner did for the novel. Cathy N Davidson, though she has not yet reached the top of her achievement; the comparison is therefore so far slightly extravagant.

In other fields of writing fine work is done in Canada. Frye is an international figure to be proud of; Marshall McLuhan is even better known if not more widely understood. Both Frye in characteristic style, and McLuhan in equally characteristic style (paradoxical) on Canada as a "borderline" case. The latter begins: "A border is not a connection but an interval of resonance, and such gaps abound in the Land of the DRW Line" and ends: "Today, when the old industrial hardware, when the old industrial that the Canadian condition of low-profile identity and multiple borders approaches the ideal pattern of electronic living." The general thesis about borderlines provokes a lot of thought, and I have already borrowed freely from it.

Here and there in McLuhan's work we find remarks that are so wrong-headed that one suspects they may be put in simply to tease. What on earth can he mean, for example, by "One of the most important manifestations of Canadian ecumenism on the Canadian borderline is the interface between the common-law tradition (oral) and the American Roman Law (written)"? Here, everything seems wrong. The resonance (to use McLuhan's term) is not McLuhan's. It is Frye and McLuhan is such that the work of other fine writers is a little obscured. George Grant's writing—*Technology and Empire*, for instance—should perhaps be picked out; and there is a flourishing school of historians busy with a critical examination of Canada's past.

But a word of caution is in order (this really is a question of perspective): Ontario has many advantages—wealth, population—and work from other regions is sometimes neglected. The late Ernest Becker, a professor at Simon Fraser University, had one of the most distinguished minds in Canada, but his existence seems not to have been noted outside British Columbia and the United States. One of the best periodicals of literary criticism, *The Compass*, has recently been started in Edmonton, Alberta. It is really ought to be noted in Toronto and Kingston and other centres of learning in Ontario.

Only two Canadian writers are chosen for individual treatment: Leacock (by Douglas Bush) and E. J. Pratt (by Peter Bunting). Leacock is well-known outside Canada, at least among the elderly; E. J. Pratt, perhaps Canada's best poet, who spent most of his career as a teacher at Victoria College in the University of Toronto, is not, I believe, so well-known. We do not place him among the very great, like Yeats and Eliot and Wallace Stevens; but posterity may find his work as much worth attention as that of Auden or Winterson or William Carlos Williams or Hart Crane or Gerard Manley Hopkins or the Canadian poet—the sound of the sea battering the shores of his native Newfoundland is never absent from his work—and what he writes lacks the note of modernity.

But a reading of his great narrative poems—"The Witches' Brew" or "The Titanic"—and his generous exploitation of a French and Catholic subject by a Protestant of English origin, "Towards the Last Spike" will, I am confident, longingly illustrate the manifestation of the universal in the local. The essay on Pratt is one of the

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most satisfactory pieces in the book.

The Indians, except as their presence has troubled or moved his imagination, are absent from *The Canadian Imagination*. (Margaret Atwood's "Canadian Monsters" has some interesting material on Indian mythology and tradition, but it is treated as material for the curiosity of the European explorer and settler.) Something should be said about this, if only as *afterthought*. The native populations of Canada live for the most part under conditions of extreme wealth and have many miseries that sometimes issue in despair; the incidence of suicide is high. This terrible fact is quite strikingly tragic, for no one has any plausible idea what to do about it. It is not surprising, then, that the literary imagination has difficulty in confronting the Indian.

Except for some analyses of plays by Brian Parker in his excellent discussion of Canadian drama, and one essay, eyes are on the whole turned away from French writing. Marlene Leland's "Quebec Literature in its American Context" is a useful piece of work, though I am not sure that at this moment of Canadian history it is just what we need. It is a comparative study of Quebec literature set alongside the American literature of the European origin, Spanish and Portuguese as well as English and French—literatures ruled, long after the colonial period ended, by European models. Quebec culture turned out to be tougher, less multicoloured than some other American cultures, and this was in part a consequence of the order imposed upon New France by the old regime, in part a result of the peculiar conditions under which Quebec was brought within the British political system.

The intention of the British at the time of the *Durham Report* was to Anglicize Quebec, but they thought that the development of Canadian society would tend naturally towards assimilation. Things fell out differently. Quebec was and is as French as the Irish, and the political structure of Canada is now, with the victory of René Lévesque's party, subject to severe testing. On the whole, English-speaking Canada is to blame for the estrangement of so many Quebecers from Canada. In Manitoba, Ontario in 1917 the provincial governments were permitted to flout the spirit and perhaps the letter of the British North America Act in the matter of French education.

A certain quasi-racist contempt for the French is still rampant, by alive, and the coming of the *Quiet Revolution* to power in the province has evoked in English-speaking Canada sentiments remarkable even in the modern world for their barbarity and stupidity.

The more responsible leaders of the Conservative Party, especially Robert Stanfield, whose leaving of the leadership is a great loss to the cause of decency, try to control the political expression of such sentiments, but with imperfect success; in this there are piquant parallels to the problems of the British Conservative Party. The general consequence of these developments is that Quebec culture is highly politicized, much of it expressing the resentment of a people that believes itself to have been exploited by the Anglo-Saxon plutocracy. This is a gross simplification on their part; but at the beginning of the great change in Quebec—the *Quiet Revolution*—a number of opinion-makers, notably the *Journal de Québec*, the *Journal de Montréal*, and the *Journal de la Presse*, have been saying everything.

Leland thinks that with the changes in Quebec society and temper since the end of the Dup-

lessis regime French literature "has come into its own". This seems uncertain. I suspect the present of Quebec is bright with the flush of fever rather than the glow of health. The Quebec writers now in middle life tested their strength in love and hatred for an authoritarian church and a received set of customs and taboos designed to protect the family, to inculcate rigour in sexual morality, to encourage patience and industry in a peasant agriculture set in a romantic light.

An important cause of the overthrow of this native culture has been the importing from the United States of the liberal-radical ideology and style of living: women's liberation with all its corollaries, including the agitation for abortion on demand, a devouring concern with inner states of feeling, a belief that spontaneity is better than prudent action; and, paradoxically, these anarchical principles are coupled with a demand for more intervention by the public authorities in social life.

It is conceivable that the revival of hope and energy among the French elites will dwindle into a self-lacerating preoccupation with trivialities. It is astonishing that in these few years' preoccupation among the French Canadians, something that once made WASPs fearful, has fallen away to the point at which the *Québécois* are not reproducing themselves and have a lower birth-rate than the rest of Canada. This rate of a society seems a strange consequence of the *Quiet Revolution*. If the Lévesque regime proves able to encourage an increase in the French birth-rate, it will be the sign of new life in an old society.

One troubling feature of culture in English-speaking Canada is not considered in this book. It is common in some degrees to all modern societies, but it is very striking in Canada: the gap between the tastes and interests of the bourgeoisie and the tastes and interests of the reified and suburbanized masses and the tastes and interests of the reified and suburbanized masses and the tastes and interests of the reified and suburbanized masses.

This, with all its social and political consequences, is not a gap between social classes and it is clearly not a gap between those with a university education and those without; for one of the prime agents of corruption comes from within the academic community itself, notably from some trends in psychology and sociology, and from the curious composite of disciplines known as Education. Even criminals now go in for what has been variously called psycho-babble and permissiveness, a sort of comic-book language influenced at several removes by the concepts of the social sciences. The other day one who had killed a policeman and wounded another and was holding three hostages and demanding an air passage to a "neutral" country, and \$100,000 in cash said to a reporter:

"We're not real bad types. The cops just came out at me and I panicked. I just cut loose. . . Now I know where I'm at and know what I've got to do and that's all there is to it. I got no options. . . This is the first time I've ever thought of anything this weird but I'm just playing it by ear." (*The Globe and Mail*, January 24, 1978.)

The problem seems more intractable in Canada than in some other countries, for the educated have less influence on public institutions such as the press and the provincial and federal governments than in Europe or even the United States, often unfairly ridiculed by the Canadian intelligentsia. This may account for the barrenness and irritation so often shown by the intelligent Mr. Trudeau and for the low standard of comment on public affairs. The Toronto *Globe and Mail*, commonly said to be the best newspaper in Canada, has even this paper runs an astrological column, something one would be startled to find in *The Times*, or *Le Monde*, or *The New York Times*. It is true that many of those who are so stridently against the influence of the United States and rattle on about Canadian "identity" to the point of ridding turn-away from the task of raising the standards of Canadian civilization, preferring to indulge in cheap ephemeral intellectual fashions that seem crisp in Toronto or Montreal at the very moment they have begun to droop in New York and Boston.

Three West Country Poems

By Donald Davie

Short Run to Camborne

The hiddenness of the inland spine of Cornwall
Redeemed (for of course in the long run all
All is redeemed), but Wesley's chapels and all
In the slipstream of our short run rock, rock to their fall.

And we surge on for Camborne, cheapness cheapened
By our going by us, with wreaths to honour the end
Of one who endured this cheapness, with our reeking
Put-put exhausts we exhaust the peace we are seeking.

Cheepness of granite-chips on the oil-starved road above Looe;
Our wanderings from the Wesleys and (it's true)
Dear-bought though they were, heaven-sent, their wanderings too . . .
Surge, surge we may but strap is all we do.

The spinelessness of the rock-ribbed once! The riven
Granite of Wesley's gospel that all are forgiven
Since all are redeemed. . . The loose shale slides and shelves
As we forgive each other and ourselves.

All are forgiven, or may be. But we owe
This much to our dead sister (at Polperro
Fixes and trivia . . .): humanly we know
Some things are unforgivable, even so.

G.M.B.

(10.7.77)

Old oak, old timber, sunk and rooted
In the organic cancer
Of Devon soil, the need she had
You could not answer.

Old wash and wump, the narrow seas
Mindlessly breaking
She scanned lifelong; and yet the tide
There's no mistaking.

She mistook. She never thought,
It seems, that the soft thunder
She heard nearby, the pluck and slide,
Might too her under.

I have as much to do with the dead
And the dying, as with the living
Nowadays; and failing them is
Past forgiving.

As soon as be absolved for that, as if
A tree, or a sea, should be shriven;
And yet the truth is, fall we must
And be forgiven.

The Admiral to his Lady

With you to Bideford,
Too old for stomaching
Refuffs, nor soon deterred
Nor often crossed of fate,
I boomed along, not braving
The sky's mandate.

Habits of testy command
Forget to say "weather permitting".
Though gales have rocked the land
And us, early and late,
Here I am, squalls intermitting,
Still hectoring fate.

Yet rained on, shoulders bowed,
Colour too high, too florid
In manner, voice too loud,
I felt like a youngster with you
That day, as wet winds flurried
Torridly askew.

Wrecked body, barge of your wrecked
Hopes, or some of them—bitter
Reflections?—Harbours reflect
The changelessness of skies;
Bideford's waters glitter
Like your hurt eyes.

Still, as the afterkicks
Of one black patch streel over
I brew up the next. It hurts
Each time a little less;
To cope with a demon lover
Learn carelessness.

That rocking jaunty way
You have, like Torridge's waters
Dancing into the bay . . .
You know what serves your turn
You have, of all Eve's daughters,
The least to learn!

To the Editor

Blake

Sir,—Professor G. E. Bentley has contributed a most interesting commentary on the two letters from William Blake's widow to Lord Egmont concerning the picture of "The Characters of Spenser's Faerie Queene" (March 17). I do not, however, feel quite convinced that the assumption that both are in Catherine's own hand; the first one is not signed, the second has her signature, but this seems to me to be written with considerably less assurance than the text of either, suggesting that she employed some other person, perhaps Tatham?

These facts lead up to the question as to whether the "Faerie Queene" can also be restored from the deplorable condition in which it still remains. Mr Butler describes it as "a watercolour on tracing paper, with a yellowish brownish tinge, and a few pictures mentioned are either on paper or a mahogany panel, and it seems to be for the experts to decide whether Blake's use of a fabric such as muslin favoured the possibility of cleaning or not, and for the National Trust to direct that a cautious experiment should be made.

Your front-page reproduction of Blake's spiritual portrait of himself has been made from one of Linnell's copies of the original drawing which now hangs beside them. Its particular interest lies in the ancient symbol, or Menorah, drawn by Blake on the forehead. Linnell seems to have thought it was a wisp of hair. Graham Robertson described it as "a leaf-shaped ornament like a great scarab". Klossy calls it "a strange brachiate growth—is it hair? an amulet?"

I must claim responsibility for the more precise interpretation of the symbol of The Tree of Life, or Seven-branched Candlestick, called a Menorah, the claim to spiritual insight; placed moreover in the position of the Third Eye, or meditative centre of Indian Yoga. Blake has enjoyed the name of Visionary Portraits with the credulous Varley, but this drawing lays his serious claim to having the faculty of visionary creation.

GEORGE KEYNES,
Brinkley, Newmarket, Suffolk.

Number 17, the early watercolour of "The Poetess of Jane Shore" was removed of its "heavy varnish" in 1972 and found to have been given a thin transparent coating of glue by Blake. It is now in brilliant state. When number 31, "Count Ugolino and his Sons in Prison" came into my possession in 1942 it had a coating of yellow varnish, by which it was much disfigured. I submitted it to the late Dr. John Hollander who removed what he reported as a "coating of spirit varnish" with great ease, and it emerged in a pristine state of glowing colour. (This picture I have now given to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. I could no longer afford to insure it.) Number 37, the wonderful "Arlington Court Picture" was found in the studio by Mr James Lees-Milne in 1937 among broken glass on the top of a pantry cupboard and was brought to me for identification, which was easy.

Like the "Ugolino" picture, it was painted in tempera on a thin wood base, but this time on stiff paper. I recommended that it be sent to Dr. Holl, who found there was no varnish and he only had to do a gentle surface cleaning; it is now in perfect state. The "Ugolino" was one of the three pictures done by Blake, the two by John Flaxman and the third by Adam and Eve. The picture of "Satan in the Cave" was long had a special feeling for "Job" picture, because I saw

the "Ugolino" picture.

Secondly, Mr Vinogradoff's mention of Boris Unbegaun's splendid study of the origins of Russian names, many of which are of adjectival derivation, does not seem applicable to the names of Nabokov and Vinogradoff. Mr Vinogradoff does not hold up to semantic scrutiny. The central "b" of the name does not feel at ease in the various adjectival combinations he proposes. NABOK, NABOV, NABOV and Nabokov are frequent syllables in the beginnings of Arab names. Suffice to open the Beirut telephone directory and find long columns of such names. It seems to me therefore quite plausible that the name Nabokov, not unlike the name of Mansurov, is of Semitic, i.e. of Arabic origin. It probably has been imported to Moscow with the successive Tartar invasions and Russified at or after baptism.

Originally, I am told, the two syllables NABOK (and of course their many variants) meant simply

in 1912 that it was one of Blake's masterpieces and strove in vain to persuade my father to help me buy it for the pulpit £350 then asked if it had made £150 in the Sir Charles Dike sale. I could see that its colouring was muted, yellowish brownish, and encouraged by what had been done to my "Ugolino", Mr Martin Butler, for many years to have it cleaned. Now I find to my joy that both "Job" and "Ugolino" and "Abel" have been cleaned with complete success.

These facts lead up to the question as to whether the "Faerie Queene" can also be restored from the deplorable condition in which it still remains. Mr Butler describes it as "a watercolour on tracing paper, with a yellowish brownish tinge, and a few pictures mentioned are either on paper or a mahogany panel, and it seems to be for the experts to decide whether Blake's use of a fabric such as muslin favoured the possibility of cleaning or not, and for the National Trust to direct that a cautious experiment should be made.

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GEORGE KEYNES,
Brinkley, Newmarket, Suffolk.

Sir,—Alastair Fowler is plumb-right in his remarks about "smack-smooth" (March 3). I had looked into my instant OED with too narrow an eye-glass. And since, as I have just learnt, Doubleday has now agreed to publish a new edition of Blake—a Complete Poetry and Prose this time—I am happily in a position to embody Mr Fowler's wisdom in a textual note.

DAVID V. ERDMAN,
Department of English, State University of New York at Stony Brook, New York 11794.

Nabokov

Sir,—Permit me to comment upon Mr Igor Vinogradoff's reply to Dmitri Nabokov's "diatribe" concerning Vladimir Nabokov's genealogy printed in your February 17 issue. First of all there occurs an unfortunate misspelling of Vladimir Maklakov's surname (*vide* second column, paragraph 2). Nor is it indicated to what writings of Maklakov or of M. Leontovich does Mr Vinogradoff refer. His readers in which they supposed the exposure of the "myth" of the origins of the Nabokov surname.

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"son of" both in ancient Arabic and in Babylonian, just as Arabic suffixes wealth and abundance (*vide* the eighth-century Abbasid caliph and the tenth-century Regent of Córdoba and Andalus). As for the "mythical" *Mirza Nabok*, the supposed "prehistoric" ancestor of the Nabokov surname, I do not think that Vladimir Nabokov took him seriously, just as I could not possibly have taken seriously the suggestion of a distinguished Brazilian gentleman, *Senhor Nabucco*, who—*together with his younger brother and sister*—an inviolable luncheon in their ancestral home in Rio—referred to me as "not a cher cousin", because of a common ancestor: Nabuchodonosor, King of Babylon of the sixth century BC.

NICOLAS NABOKOV,
450 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011.

Francis Hes

Sir,—Julian Symonds's interesting and perceptive review of the Francis Hes reissues (March 10) led me to look again at Hes's final book, *As For The Weather*. Hes himself told me that the late Sir Victor Gollancz had declined to publish this on the grounds that it was "too sadistic". I myself, however, have never been able to find the smallest trace of sadism in it, inferior to the earlier books. Gollancz's turning it down remains a complete mystery to me.

EDMUND CRISPIN,
Weak Meadow, Higher Walk,
Darlington, Teesdale, Devon, TQ9 6JP.

'Century of Change'

Sir,—Any writer on modern British painting is glad of sympathetic attention from a reviewer, and Mr Tom Phillips's lengthy consideration of my *Century of Change* (January 27) is the only serious review to be prepared so far. Christmas Books swarmed whole. I am grateful for his praise. However, I would like to answer some of his criticisms, not so much from any wounded amour-propre but to distinguish between the problems of writing a book as mine and those of actually publishing it.

The book was a commission, a sequel to William Gaunt's two previous volumes on eighteenth and nineteenth-century British painting, and thus the format—essay, narrow eye-glass. And since, as I have just learnt, Doubleday has now agreed to publish a new edition of Blake—a Complete Poetry and Prose this time—I am happily in a position to embody Mr Fowler's wisdom in a textual note.

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zine, another in a publication long out of print; the third, "Soldiers at Rye", is a superb example of his work and cannot be too well known.

Surely it would have been more to the point if Mr Phillips had mentioned that this is the first book on twentieth-century British painting to reproduce a representative selection of work by the Vorticists and their associates, allowing Bomberg, for example, his rightful place: to reproduce the innovative work of Grant and Vanessa Bell; to claim consideration within the historical context for painters like Roderic O'Connor and some of the English Surrealists such as Penrose, Maddox, Banting, etc.

Finally Mr Phillips complains that I am unwilling to make a reputation of two and goes on to say that some omissions. Can't Mr Phillips put two and two together?

RICHARD SHONE,
153 Holbein House, Holbein Place, London SW1.

Trobrlands

Sir,—Vernon Reynolds has posed the question (February 24) whether the word "matrilineal" is appropriate to the Trobriand case. There is indeed a formal sense in which "matrilineal" can be given a clear application, but it is unlikely that any real society wholly corresponds to the abstraction. Edmund Leach has proposed that to create a class labelled "matrilineal" societies" may be as irrelevant for our understanding of social structure as the creation of a class "blue butterflies" is irrelevant for the understanding of the anatomical structure of lepidoptera (*Rethinking Anthropology*, 1961); and I have expressed the doubt that there are "any useful propositions about matrilineal systems which distinguish these, as a class, from societies with other rules of descent and [which] thereby justify the typology" (*Elements and Inventions*, 1974). It may not be unduly sceptical to suggest that there is not much point by now in arguing about whether or not it is true that Trobriand society is matrilineal. The term belongs more to the butterfly-collecting aspect of social anthropology than to analysis.

RODNEY NEEDHAM,
56 Holywell Street, Oxford.

M. S. Lovell

Sir,—Alan Davidson seeks (Letters, 17 February) the source of lines attributed to Wordsworth in M. S. Lovell's *Edible Mollusks*. May I make a related inquiry? Who was M. S. Lovell?

The question is not wholly rhetorical. The *Scolar Press* is poised to re-issue Lovell's entertaining rag-bag of a book but neither we nor J. L. Barrow, who has written an introduction, have been able to discover anything about Lovell himself. As a gastronomic of remarkable range, as a draughtsman of apparent accomplishment and as a notable purveyor of useless information, the identity of this dedicated mollusc freak should be less obscure. Light would be welcome.

JOHN COMMANDER,
The Scolar Press, 100 Russell Street, London WC1R 3BH.

Among this week's contributors

ROBERT M. ADAMS's books include *The Roman Stamp: Franks and Pagans in Roman Britain*, *Neoclassicism*, 1975.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG is the author of *In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the USSR Today*. J. M. CAMERON is University Professor at St Michael's College, Toronto.

PHILIP FRANK's books include *The Monte Agolite*, 1969, and *Westerns*, 1974.

MARK ELVIN is the author of *The Pattern of the Chinese Past*, 1973.

PETER GRAVES is a Lecturer in German at the University of Leicester.

G. W. IRELAND is the author of *André Gide: A Study of his Creative Writings*, 1970.

DAVID KIRBY's most recent collection of poems is *The Opera Lover*.

JOHN LANE's biography of Joe Orton will be published later this year.

ERICH SEGAL is the author of *Roman laughter: The Comedy of Plautus*, 1968; his translation of *Plautus Three Comedies* will be published later this year.

MICHAEL WOOD is the author of *America in the Movies*, 1975.

PETER RYKOVA's most recent collection of poems is *From Every Chink of the Ark*, 1977.

D. A. N. JONES's novels are *Parade in Paris*, 1958, and *Never Had It So Good*, 1963.

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Thinking of the future

By Abraham Brumberg

VADIM BELOUSKOVSKY and others:
SSSR—Demokraticheskie Alternativy
335pp. Achberg: Achberger Verlag-anstalt.

ALEXANDER YANOV:
Detente After Brezhnev
The Domestic Roots of Soviet Foreign Policy
99pp. Berkeley, California: University of California, \$3.

It has been the fate of Russian thinkers and writers to discuss the past, present, and future of their country as much outside its borders as within. The radical thinkers who prepared the way for the upheavals of 1917 were sooner to be found dreaming revolution in Paris, London or Zurich than in Moscow or St Petersburg. After the October coup, Western Europe became the home of thousands of Russian exiles of differing political persuasions. Unlike their predecessors, they were soon to be brutally cut off from any contacts with their compatriots. They continued to write, quarrel, organize political parties, issue manifestos, edit newspapers, publish journals and books, some of them of enduring intellectual and literary quality. As time went on, however, all this prodigious activity was bound to become enveloped in an air of unreality. It is only within the past few years, with the unprecedented exodus from the Soviet Union, that the work of the émigrés ceased to be *terra incognita* to Soviet citizens, much as the activities of Soviet dissidents became a matter of international knowledge and concern. What we now have is a genuine confluence of *sanizdat* and *tamizdat* ("self-publication" in the Soviet Union and "publication over there"—that is, abroad). The stable output of Soviet exiles is therefore no longer a mere curiosity: it is, and should be seen as, a reflection of ideological and political trends in the Soviet Union itself.

The two books here reviewed are a case in point. *Demokraticheskie Alternativy* (Democratic Alternatives) consists of essays written by recent émigrés from the Soviet Union, plus one by the Yugoslav-Russian dissident Mikhail Mikhalov and two by Western writers. The author of *Detente After Brezhnev*, Alexander Yanov, who also appears in the first book, is a journalist-historian who emigrated in 1974 and now teaches at an American university. Whatever the differences among the various authors, they may all be loosely described as "left-wing democrats". Given this coloration, and given, too, the heated atmosphere of émigré politics, it is no surprise to find most of the contributions markedly polemical in nature. Nor is it surprising that the brunt of their criticism is directed at Alexander Solzhenitsyn and his fellow contributors to *From Under the Rubble*, a collection of essays published nearly three years ago, which is to

date perhaps the most forceful expression of contemporary neo-Slavophilism, albeit of the more moderate variety. With its disdain for "social and economic reforms" (Solzhenitsyn's words), its almost exclusive preoccupation with moral and spiritual values, its exalted view of Russian Orthodoxy, its insistence that Western humanist values inevitably lead to the monstrous excesses of totalitarianism, and above all with its espousal of Russian nationalism, the book has provoked a sharp reaction in the Russian émigré community, especially among those with a pro-Western and secular orientation.

Vadim Belouskovsky et al criticize the "neo-Slavophiles" (and by and large rightly, in my opinion) on a variety of grounds: their scholarship, says one contributor, is "mystical and unhistorical"; they are insensitive to and fundamentally unconcerned about the fate and feelings of other Soviet nationalities (which constitute nearly half of Russia's population); their messianism, another contributor points out, is a contradiction of basic Christian teachings, a rejection of personal worth and salvation in the interest of national collectivism; and by placing the blame for all the abominations of contemporary Russian history on "Western influences" they fail to take account of important traditions embedded in Russia's political culture. In a penetrating essay called "Meeting Leonid Brezhnev," Alexander Yanov reminds Solzhenitsyn and his colleagues that the plea for spiritual freedom even within the confines of an authoritarian system is an echo of early Slavophile notions, and that the ideas of the early Slavophiles, however idealistically inspired, eventually degenerated into Pan-Slavism and the rise of the "Black Hundreds" (a lumpen-proletarian organization, supported by the Tsarist authorities, whose rousing cry was "Beat the Jews and Save Russia").

The insistence on absolute moral criteria, the conviction that there is no difference between authoritarianism and democracy from the point of view of the moral perfection of the human personality, the undifferentiated condemnation of the vices of both communist and democratic societies—all constitute precursors of a new political process. There is a distinct possibility (and Mr Yanov buttresses his argument with copious references to current Soviet developments) that even moderate neo-Slavophilism may lead to a new enshrinement of the nineteenth-century maxima of "authority, orthodoxy, and nationalism".

In one of his essays in *Detente After Brezhnev*, Yanov elaborates his analysis of the "new right" in the Soviet Union. The world order dreamt of by today's Russian nationalists is not of an expansionist kind. The strategy of world domination has collapsed with Hitler as well as with Stalin. To be sure, says Yanov, Solzhenitsyn and his disciples are not advocating these ideas; indeed, they would recoil from them if they were ever made public. But their views in effect provide a philosophical

and ideological rationale for those who are eager to bring them about. It is clear, then, what Mr Belouskovsky et al follow in "left-wing democrats" are against. What are they for? Here, I am afraid, we find ourselves on rather more treacherous terrain. The contributors to *Demokraticheskie Alternativy* have not only views and broad aspirations but, indeed, a political programme. In the words of Leonid Plyushch, the Ukrainian dissident recently allowed to leave the Soviet Union, the programme is "a synthesis of the best elements of capitalism and 'classical' socialism". Yet on closer scrutiny most of the elements of this "synthesis" are hardly novel; in fact, they are as old as Marxist revisionism: decentralization, a fusion of private and state ownership of the means of production and distribution, complete freedom of expression, and so on. In addition, unlike present-day social democracy, the programme also contains a curious mélange of syndicalism and Russian anarchism. The agents of the eventual transformation of the Soviet system are designated as intelligent and well-educated members of the working class, the "engineer workers". Belouskovsky asserts that these groups, more than any other in Soviet society, "retained a good measure of common sense and moral integrity" when they were faced with a return to capitalism or a continuation of the present, that they are receptive to Western ideas; yet nowhere does he cite any convincing evidence (save for his own impressions) in support of these claims.

As for specific recommendations (spelt out in several essays), they are surely heady: the party should

launch a gradual process of liberalization, the first instalment of which is to carry out Lenin's behest ("in his Testament") to appoint "one hundred ordinary workers, who had never held high-level posts in either the Party or the Government, as members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, where they should have unhindered access to all documents and full voting rights". Once this splendid task is accomplished (though why the Party should undertake it is unclear), other measures must be introduced—i.e., the extension of the same Leninist principle to "all organs of powers", relaxation and subsequently the total abolition of censorship, the formation of parties and associations that "do not pursue nationalistic intentions" (preconditions assumed by yet another constitution that would not, like its predecessors, legalize only one political party), and finally free elections to the Soviets and "the transfer of all power to them". The crowning result of this process, according to Mr Belouskovsky, is to be the creation of a "non-party system with full freedom for the formation of parties in a multi-party society". One can only admire so bold a dialectical vision.

It is tempting, as one contemplates the "left-wing" alternatives, to compare them with those of the authors of *From Under the Rubble*, if only because their similarities are almost as striking as the differences between them. Both seem to suffer from a distorted view of Western ideas and institutions: Solzhenitsyn and his friends treat capitalist societies with revisionism and contempt, while Belouskovsky, despite his brave efforts to attain

Reckoning with the past

By Peter Graves

CHRISTA WOLF:

Kindheitsmuster
480pp. Darmstadt: Luchterhand, DM 32.

It is no coincidence that the contemporary German revisits most readily associated with the theme of war-guilt are all from West Germany. Heinrich Böll, Günter Grass and Siegfried Lenz, for example, have all worried away at the problem of the responsibility of the present generation for the crimes of the past. The West German government, too, whatever its other failings in this area, has put Nazi war criminals on trial and has paid at least some reparations to those who suffered under Hitler.

East Germans, however, have always made it a lot easier for themselves. They have consistently maintained that the establishment of a socialist state created an entirely new order unmarked by complicity in Nazi crimes. Putting that the mantle of responsibility therefore fell exclusively on the Federal Republic.

It is, for example, quite impossible to imagine Erich Honecker kneeling, as his fellow anti-Nazi Willi Brandt did in 1970, at the site of the Warsaw ghetto in an act of public penitence. The literature of East Germany has reflected this attitude by focusing, overwhelmingly, on the present and future, the building-up of socialism and the bright hope it represents.

When, however, the Hitler period is dealt with, the literature of resistance offered to the Nazis by politically committed individuals. To suggest that the citizens of the new Republic might have been seduced so deeply by life under Hitler that they could have been faith in Marxism could completely eradicate its effects would be quite unthinkable. The break with the past has been—until now—radical and absolute.

It is against this background that the measure of Christa Wolf's *Kindheitsmuster* must be judged. "What is past is not dead," she begins provocatively. "It is not even past. We separate ourselves from it and pretend to be strangers." The past that she then seeks to probe is her own: those years from 1932 to 1946 when, be-

tween the ages of three and seventeen, she "patterns of childhood" to which the title refers were formed. Wolf's mother's daughter in the East Brandenburg town of Landsberg an der Warthe growing up under the ever-increasing influence of Hitler. Although she never actually sets eyes on him, by the age of five the very thought of him is enough to produce a jump in her throat. Her father joins the Party, and she, as a matter of course, progresses through the various Nazi youth organizations. In school she learns of racial purity and the Jewish threat; as when the local synagogue burns, she feels no sense of pity, only fear of this alien race. No voices of objection are raised, not even at the euthanasia programme that costs the family their simple-minded son Jerre.

The war itself leaves them relatively unscathed until January 1945, when they are forced to flee westward before the advancing Russian army. This vividly described episode deposits the family in a little Mecklenburg village, occupied first by the British, then the Americans, and finally by the Russians. No attempt is made to gloss over the excesses of some Russian soldiers, nor the fear they evoked in the populace. We finally leave the girl in 1946, trying to come to terms with the shattering of all the foundations upon which her childhood had been built.

This narrative, however, occupies barely half of the book, for Parallel with it runs an account of a two-day visit in July 1971, by Christa Wolf, her husband, her brother, and Lenka, her fourteen-year-old daughter, back to Landsberg, which now lies in Poland and is called Gorzów Wielkopolski. But this is no sentimental journey: it is a reckoning with a past that still haunts and, with the presence of Lenka, an attempt to explain to the contemporary reader how these things could have happened. Putting a confrontation of two epochs in the form of mother and daughter is one of the book's greatest strengths. Not only does it demonstrate that link past and present, but it also shows the definition of putting a near full-stop after 1945 in the fond hope that the blame and all the emotional repercussions could be channelled conveniently into the past and the future.

Kindheitsmuster is a plea to remember the lessons of the past and at the same time an appeal for vigilance and sensitivity in the present.

"a synthesis" that is their vices and romanticism. Both are frequently, strikingly naive. And all the apparently impractical proposals as well as a belief in the power and capacity of "the West" to bring about the perfect future. Thus Yanov, a Soviet émigré, writes: "The most reliable ally of the hungry for affluence and the nation of Soviet society, it is most apt to press for the these notions (which in the are rather different from the kovsky's) with a certain journalistic flair and erudition, but his chief well-nigh mind-boggling technical and financial of all the industrial countries and until the the healthy and active in Russia" for the Russia and the world. In the *Detente After Brezhnev*, Shafarevich tells us that "return to God" will be the life, death or resurrection of Russia. In *Detente After Brezhnev*, Shafarevich tells us that "return to God" will be the life, death or resurrection of Russia. In *Detente After Brezhnev*, Shafarevich tells us that "return to God" will be the life, death or resurrection of Russia.

It is tempting, as one contemplates the "left-wing" alternatives, to compare them with those of the authors of *From Under the Rubble*, if only because their similarities are almost as striking as the differences between them. Both seem to suffer from a distorted view of Western ideas and institutions: Solzhenitsyn and his friends treat capitalist societies with revisionism and contempt, while Belouskovsky, despite his brave efforts to attain

But there is more to be given a detailed and accurate account of the actual events, writing with integrity and on the problems of the future. Here Christa Wolf appears instead of presenting her role of an external observer. For this is no neutral biography from a public assurance; here we have a figure who seems to be who cannot bring the past to represent.

We are in familiar territory in this is exactly the kind of dilemma examined in Wolf's *Nachdenken über die Welt* (1968). Christa Wolf, an honorary member of the German Democratic Republic, is a writer who has explored and illuminated the relationship with her own here it becomes an exploration of the past and the progress of the book, with the technical and the writer's own before the task she has set herself. All very interesting, honest even, but it is constantly aware of the need to seek so personally determine her own writing is sufficiently free to be allowed a certain personal scaffolding can be here it is something of a risk of obscuring the within.

However, the contrast between levels of experience fact handled very expertly despite the excesses of the *Kindheitsmuster* (and the novel in the West, which is never completely resolved. It is a challenge to the reader to come to terms with the book's own and the writer's own before the task she has set herself. All very interesting, honest even, but it is constantly aware of the need to seek so personally determine her own writing is sufficiently free to be allowed a certain personal scaffolding can be here it is something of a risk of obscuring the within.

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The Greek, the Latin, and the Irish

By Vivian Mercier

BRENDAN O HEHIR and JOHN M. DILLON:
A Classical Lexicon for Finnegans Wake
500pp. University of California Press, £17.

The first thing to note about this lexicon is that it is not arranged alphabetically like Iiddell and Scott's, for example: if it were, it would be much shorter and easier to review. The peculiar nature of *Finnegans Wake*, not the depth of Joyce's erudition, dictates the bulkiness of such handbooks as this one and its predecessor, Brendan O Hehir's *A Gaelic Lexicon for Finnegans Wake*. If Iiddell and Scott's lexicon of the German in *Ulysses* (the *Gaelic* one—would so we were it not for the very waxy Gaelic derived place and personal names in the *Wake*; these all have to be explained because Joyce plays upon the real or supposed derivations of some of them).

Etymologies of proper names are not given in the *Classical Lexicon*, but the great space-waster is the repetition caused by glossing words or phrases in the order of their occurrence in the text. Also, the *Wake* leaves very little of the non-English material undistorted, all the lexicons have been forced to adopt a tricolour format: "The first column lists the words, the second the Gaelic or Latin, and the third column supplies the gloss in the form of a translation or explanatory note."

Adopting with appropriate modifications the plan of the *Gaelic*

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Community service
Home Office Research Study No. 29. This book provides information on the use of community service orders by Magistrates' courts in 1974.

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lexicon, John M. Dillon and Brendan O Hehir have provided a "Glossary for Finnegans Wake". A "Glossary for Joyce's Other Works" and a most useful series of appendices and supplementary notes. Because of Joyce's and his printers' inaccuracies, the retention of the three-column format for Finnegans Wake may be excused if not entirely justified: the middle column, however, often repeats the first and last column. If a casual reader, neither classicist nor Wakeist, wants to get the true flavour of the author's wit and learning, he ought to turn at once to the last section.

Appendix A supplies further annotation of certain classical names peculiarly—sometimes very peculiarly—dear to Joyce: Aristotle, Ammonius, Bonifacius, Burzio, Medallus, Eblann, Iuba (probably the character of Cardinal Newman's novel *Callaghan*, Iiddell and Scott, also father of Lewis Carroll's Alice), Livia, Lucan, Muter, Miscrordicus (a Dublin hospital), Olyvianus, Ovid, Suetonius, Venus, and others. The long, ex-cursive concern the bull *Leucis*, the blither, allegedly uttered by Pope Adrian IV, granting Henry II the overlordship of Ireland—and incidentally causing the De Lyon or the family to invade what would become the second homeland.

Appendix B glosses some recurrent words and phrases, seven of which are annotated in Clive Hart's *Structure and Motif in Finnegans Wake*; however, the entry on the Irish significance of *bona fides* alone would make the book a valuable addition to the library of anyone who has travelled five miles (recte three) from home as a bona fide traveller according to the old Irish licensing laws, entitled to a drink at any hour. "Preliminary" to the book is a *bona fide* house: Chappelton, the ideal location for travellers from north-east and south-east regions of Dublin to venture to for their last drink. Page 142 of the *Wake* contains the Twelve (drinks, apostles, lesser prophets, jurymen, etc.) almost all half from the regions mentioned. The *bona fides* entry would be worth quoting in full if space permitted: it confirms the dedication of the *Lexicon* to the "witty and learned" of the land, without whose spiritual comfort it could never have been brought to completion."

Appendix C is an extended gloss on pages 306-308 of the *Wake*, which offer a hilarious list of essay topics with "the true scholastic style" about them: "In the margin Joyce suggests an alternative title for the names of persons from Greek, Roman and Hebrew myth and history, exactly in the spirit of Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*; he has already picked up hints from the *Wake* for a *Portrait of the Artist and the Universe*. Bacon would not have headed a chapter, 'Nero' or the Great Fire at the South City Markets" but some of his headings, when translated, sound just as funny. As a gloss on the *Wake*, it is a source of general information for all who are concerned with the administration of justice and the treatment of offenders.

The "Supplementary Notes" which fill the last 100 pages of the *Lexicon* would have given Joyce special pleasure. In a series of short articles ranging from "Digamma" to "Rhizanthema" the reader learns of a number of devices—reproducing historical linguistic changes—that Joyce uses to will to distort familiar words. There may be a little overstatement for the particular changes Joyce makes, but his practice serves to remind us that languages as well as civilizations change with the passage of time.

The "P/K Split" is included here as well as in the *Gaelic Lexicon* on the ground that "Whether Joyce bases himself specifically on the Gaelic language or on the classical languages in this regard is not easy to determine, but certainly he seems endlessly fascinated by this linguistic distinction". Agreed, but why not quote the passage about the opportunity arising out of the "P/K Split" in the *Wake*, "purpuram" and "corcor" Andy" occur within three lines of each other. O Hehir and Dillon correctly show that the

ter phrase is the equivalent of "purpuram" if one applies the P/K Split. What they do not seem to see is that Joyce is deliberately signalling his awareness that the split applies to early loan-words borrowed from Latin by Old Irish. In the *Gaelic Lexicon* O Hehir writes: "purpura became corcor, which remains the word for 'purple'—true, but not the whole truth. Corcor was an Old Irish word for 'purple' somehow, since where, Joyce stumbled gleefully upon this fact. It should be possible to discover the exact source, which may be a fairly obvious one."

One could almost state it as a general rule that Joyce scholars are slow to follow up the obvious clues. We still have no lexicon of the French or Italian in the *Wake*, though these must be the most frequently occurring languages in it after English. A seemingly small oversight in our authors' glossing of "Primas" underlines the neglect of a book known since at least 1949 to have been owned by Joyce: George T. Stokes's *Ireland and the Celtic Church*, first published in 1896. Stokes is the source, for instance, of "Donatus his mark" (Wells, page 563), having written that "Donatus left his mark upon the City of Dublin"; as well he might, for he was, according to Stokes, "the first real bishop of this city". Stokes dates the election of Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland in 1134 but says that the primacy had been offered to him earlier. Joyce knew that 1132 was exactly seven centuries after the arrival of St Patrick in Ireland, and the primacy marked the end of the Celtic Church in Ireland; the bull *Laudabiliter* only decided that the Roman Church which followed it would beat a Norman rather than a native Irish stamp.

The word "Primas" occurs twice on page 14 of the *Wake* in a pseudo-scholarly paragraph, beginning with the date 1132. By glossing it merely as "primus" or "the first", O Hehir and Dillon have obscured the reference to St Malachy. Any good English dictionary should give the word "primas" from Late Latin *primas*.

BOLTON METROPOLITAN BOROUGH

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Salary: AP2/3, £2,529-£3,282 plus Phase 1 and 2 pay awards.

Applications are invited for the above post from suitably qualified males/females. Chartered Librarians will be paid within grade AP2. The person appointed will be employed as a branch librarian and will also have specific responsibilities within the Westborough District team.

Application forms and further information obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Town Hall, Bolton BL1 3RU (22311, ext. 587), to be returned by 17th April, 1978.

Buckinghamshire County Council

Mobile Librarian BUCKINGHAM

Salary: L/S to Bar £2,439-£3,165 + Phase 2 pay award

MOB Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination. Removal expenses of up to £1,000. Lodgings Allowance of £8.00 per week, pending removal. Applications (no forms) enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Hall, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, to be received by the 20th April, 1978, from whom further details can be obtained.

CITY OF LONDON LIBRARIES

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

A vacancy exists for a Library Assistant at Intermediate level in a busy City lending library, salary within the range £2,429-£3,711 p.a. plus 5 per cent within the limitations of Phase 2 pay award. P/BK Split. Public library experience essential. For further details and applications, see City of London Librarian, Guildhall Library, EC2A 2EJ. Closing date, Saturday, 22nd April.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW

DEPARTMENT OF ARTS AND RECREATION LIBRARIES SERVICE

SENIOR PRINCIPAL OFFICER

(R010)

Applications are invited for the above post from suitably qualified males/females. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the library service in the Borough of Hounslow.

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Hounslow Library, Hounslow, Middlesex TW3 4DN. Closing date, 22nd April, 1978.

UNIVERSITY OF STIRLING

LECTURER IN FINE ART

Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Fine Arts at the University of Stirling, from 1st September, 1978. The appointee must be qualified to teach courses in the history of art, and have a minimum of five years' experience. An ability to train and supervise students is essential. An interest in the art of the 19th Century of the 20th Century would be an advantage. Appointment will be within the salary scale £3,333-£5,655 p.a. (plus 1978/79 scale under review). Applications, including the names of three referees, should be addressed to the Secretary, University of Stirling, Stirling FK9 4LA. Further details are available on request. Closing date, 22nd April, 1978.

MORAY HOUSE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from suitably qualified males/females. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the library service in the Moray House College of Education.

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Personnel Officer, Moray House College of Education, Moray House, Edinburgh EH3 6PA. Closing date, 22nd April, 1978.

For application form and further details contact 10 Southampton Street, London WC2R 1AL. Closing date April 17, 1978.

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to join the Board's Technical Library located in modern pleasant offices at Coal House, Harrow. The Library, with a staff of four, serves scientific, technical and managerial staff working in a wide variety of fields, and there are opportunities for developing new services in a challenging environment.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with experience in industrial or special libraries. A scientific or technical background will be an advantage.

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NCB Headquarters Staff Manager,
National Coal Board,
Robert House, Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7AE.

WEST
SUSSEX
COUNTY
COUNCIL

LIBRARY SERVICE

Senior Assistant Librarian

LITTLEHAMPTON LIBRARY

Qualified Librarians are invited to apply for this post, which offers a challenging opportunity for those seeking experience in all fields of work in a busy library.

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Applications in writing to Mrs. Tapley, Library Administration Centre, Tower Street, Chichester, closing date two weeks from appearance of this advertisement.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY

Computer Services Officer

Following the decision of the House of Commons to computerise its Library's extensive indexing system, this new post offers a challenge to technically qualified and experienced staff of proven ability. Experience of project management, information retrieval and library systems would be a distinct advantage. Much preparatory work has been done and an Operational Requirement drafted and the successful candidate, who is expected to take up the post as soon as possible, will be required to implement the project.

Salary (under review) £5,867-£6,887 p.a. including pay supplements.

Post is permanent after probation. Non-contributory pension. Write for further details and application form to Establishments Section, House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA. Closing date: 17th April, 1978.

M.R.C. CLINICAL RESEARCH CENTRE

(Northwick Park Hospital)
Watford Road, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3UJ

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (STOCK CONTROL)

The John Spinks Medical Library has a vacancy for an assistant librarian to be part of a team concerned with all aspects of the acquisition and control of stock. Duties will include book acquisition, classification and cataloguing, maintenance of journal subscriptions (750 current titles), supervision of the journals collection, and assistance to readers.

Applicants must be chartered librarians, and preference will be given to those with appropriate experience. Salary will be within the scale £2,830 to £4,182 according to age and experience, plus pay supplements. Application form and further details from Mrs. J. Tucker-Sell quoting reference 120/3/4238. Closing date, April 21.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE DUBLIN

DEPARTMENT OF LIBRARY AND
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Applications are invited for academic appointments at the level of either Assistant Lecturer or College Lecturer. The subject areas in which expertise is sought are as follows:

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Prior to application, further information (including details of application procedure), should be obtained from Mr. J. J. McKeown, Secretary and Bursar, University College, Belfield, Dublin 4, Tel: 666444, ext. 433. The latest date for receipt of completed applications is Thursday, 12th April 1978. (The College office will be closed from 28 March to 9 April).

Directorate of Community Services (LIBRARIES)

SENIOR ASSISTANT

We invite applications from Chartered Librarians from those who have completed the L.A. Final Examination or its equivalent with suitable experience. Varied duties include reader's advisory work, control and work in area and branch libraries.

Salary: £3,357-£3,717 plus £485 supplement

SENIOR ASSISTANT

Applicants for this post should have passed the appropriate experience.

Salary: £2,964-£3,288 plus £478 supplement

Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, London, E.C.2, or telephone 01-481 8181 (Ansafone) quoting reference required. Closing 17th April.



**LONDON BOROUGH OF
TOWER HAMLETS**

LIBRARIANS

(Ref. A28/28)

Salary: £3,852-£4,687 p.a. inc. Lambeth Library Service, an integral part of the Directorate of Amenities Services, is divided into 4 geographical zones. Each zone has a team of Librarians responsible for identifying and meeting community needs by providing services inside and outside the library building. We are looking for Librarians (male or female) who are outgoing, enthusiastic and imaginative to join one of our zone teams.

Applicants must have at least one year's professional experience in a public library system. Application forms available from the Personnel Officer, Directorate of Amenities Services, Lambeth Borough, 14 Lambeth Hill, London SE1 7LW. Telephone: 01-761 0901, ext. 00, or 01-761 1831 (24-hour answering service). Closing date 21st April, 1978.

LAMBETH

INFORMATION OFFICER Croydon

A vacancy exists within the Secretariat of the N.A.P.F. for an Information Officer to specialise in pensions information.

The person appointed will be required to disseminate information to members; maintain a file covering all aspects of the pension fund movement; liaise with Government departments and pension organisations; answer the day-to-day questions of members of the Association; undertake desk research when necessary. Applicants should have two to three years' experience in this type of work not necessarily gained in the pension movement. Salary will be attractive and retirement of a good contributory pension scheme offered.

Applications must be sent as soon as possible to:

J. D. Cran, Esq., Secretary,
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PENSION FUNDS
Prudential House, Wellesley Road, Croydon CR9 3JL
Tel: 01-881 2017

Assistant Borough Librarian (Reference and Local Studies)

PO1(1-5) £5,484 to £6,055 including London Weighting and Supplements

Applicants are invited from suitably qualified and experienced Chartered Librarians for this post, ranks next to the Borough Librarian. Further details and application forms are available from the Chief Executive, Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP to whom applications should be sent by not later than April 20, 1978.

**LONDON BOROUGH OF
NEWMHAM**

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Western Australian Institute of Technology

T. L. Robertson Library

Senior Librarian

(Ref. No. 070)

This position is one of two with the status of senior lecturer. The duties of the position will include oversight of the library's extensive automated systems operation using a DEC System 10 and an in-house POP 11 computer, general assistance to the Principal Librarian in the day to day management of the library, and major involvement in forward planning and research into library problems. The appointee will be expected to take up the position from January 1st, 1979, or from a negotiated date thereafter.

Librarians

(Ref. No. 071)

These positions on the senior staff of the library are equivalent to the academic rank of Lecturer. Appointments may be made in any of the areas of Reader Education and Reference, Information Retrieval (with special responsibility for computerised on-line services), Staff Training and development, Cataloguing or Branch Library and External Services.

Salary: £11,135-£15,574; Librarian £9,652-£11,330

Qualifications: A degree and theoretical professional qualifications plus relevant experience are essential.

Terms: Appointment may be either Tenured or Non-Tenured for a period up to three years. Conditions include: (Tenured) Annual, Long Service and Study Leave. A choice of remuneration is available if required including a scheme similar to FASLI. Rates for Family Plus Allowance for removal expenses and temporary accommodation are payable to appointees. (Non-Tenured) Four weeks annual leave. Fees for Family Plus Allowance are payable to appointees.

Applicants: Detailed applications including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees should be submitted not later than April 15th 1978, to the Principal Librarian, Western Australian Institute of Technology, 115 Stirling, Perth WA 6001, Australia. A brochure containing further information may be obtained from the above address.

When applying please quote position and reference number plus mailing code L55.

Library Service

Librarian:

Travelling Library

AP/3/4/5 £2,922 to £4,095 plus £473 to £520 supplement

To be responsible to the Senior Librarian, Dispersed Services, for the performance of professional duties in relation to the service offered by the Travelling Library. This service is based at Croydon Circulation Headquarters (six miles from Doncaster) and involves visits to small communities and individual houses. There is also an increasing involvement in service to household readers. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with good all-round public library experience, preferably a minimum of five years in a qualified post. Assistance with housing and removal expenses in appropriate cases. Closing date for applications is the 14th April, 1978.

Branch Librarian,

Canley Branch Library, Doncaster

AP/3/4/5 £2,922 to £4,095 plus £473 to £520 supplement

To be responsible for the efficient management of this full-time, purpose-built library of 2,500 square feet, serving a residential area of 14,000 population, some three miles south of Doncaster. Bookstock 20,000 volumes, annual issue 125,000.

Duties include supervision of clerical grade staff, control and exploitation of bookstock, and local aspects of management of use. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with previous experience in general librarianship. A special users car allowance is payable. Assistance with housing and removal expenses in appropriate cases. Closing date for applications is the 14th April, 1978.

Application forms and further details from the Chief Executive (Personnel Section), Doncaster M.B.C., 2 Priory Place, Doncaster DN1 1BN.

Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council

CORNWALL County Library Service

LIBRARIAN

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£2,569 to £3,773 p.a. including supplements

The person appointed will form part of the team of professional staff providing library services to children, young and education, and will be required to have specialist knowledge or experience in this field. The principal emphasis of this person's responsibilities will be the development of the school library service to primary schools which will involve visiting the schools on the mobile library vehicle.

The salary will be within the Librarians' scale, £2,569 to £3,773, with the corresponding allowances for Chartered Librarians £3,359. A benefits package, a casual car allowance and the ability to drive is essential. Applicants should be qualified Librarians.

Application forms and job description may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Library, Old County Hall, Station Road, Truro, or further details may be obtained by telephoning Mr. R. Pybus, Truro 0202 ext. 278. Applications to be received by April 21st.

CORNWALL

LIBRARIAN

£2,569 to £3,773 p.a. including supplements



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GALLOWAY
REGIONAL COUNCIL**

DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION
LIBRARY SERVICE

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In addition to the above salary a payment will be made for training and irregular hours working.

Dumfries and Galloway Regional Library Service serves a population of 141,000 through 22 Branch Libraries and 3 Mobile Libraries and also administers the School Library Service throughout the Region. The Region's service is a highly developed and expanding one, and the service of the Region provides a wide range of leisure facilities. Applications should be sent, with names of two referees, to the Regional Personnel Officer, Dumfries and Galloway Regional Council, Council Offices, 100 High Street, Dumfries, Dumfries and Galloway, Scotland, DG1 1JF. Closing date April 21st, 1978.

SCOTTISH HEALTH SERVICE

COMMON SERVICES AGENCY

BUILDING DIVISION

LIBRARIAN

Salary £3,251 to £4,018 (inc. supplement)

Applicants are invited from suitably qualified Librarians for the above post. Candidates should have the ability and experience to manage and develop the library service to meet the needs of all professional, building, library, experience and knowledge of the Health Service would be an advantage.

The Librarian will be based at the Health Service office in Glasgow, and will have responsibility for the smaller libraries in the local offices of the Division in Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen and the north.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Appointments Section, Common Services Agency, Health Service, South Bridge Road, Edinburgh, Tel: 011-261 4351. Completed applications should be returned by Friday, April 14, 1978.

LIBRARIANS

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